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THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

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ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;





T H E
W O R K S
O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;
C O M P L E T E.
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
A N D
IMPROVEMENTS:
TOGETHER WITH THE
COMMENTARY AND NOTES
O F
H I S E D I T O R.

A NEW EDITION, IN SIX VOLUMES.

Printed verbatim from the last Quarto Edition.

D U B L I N:
PRINTED FOR J. POTTS, AT SWIFT'S HEAD,
IN DAME-STREET, AND J. WILLIAMS, AT
No. 5. IN SKINNER-ROW.
MDCC LXX.



Alte spectare si voles, neque sermonibus VULGI de-
deris te, nec in Premiis humanis spem posueris re-
rum tuarum: suis te illecebris oportet ipsa Virtus
trahat ad verum decus. QUID DE TE ALII LO-
QUANTUR IPSI VIDEANT, SED LOQUENTUR TA-
MEN.

Cicero.

PRINTED FOR J. TOTT, AT SWITZ'S HEAD,
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MDCCLXX.

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;
VOLUME I.
CONTAINING HIS
JUVENILE POEMS,
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR J. POTTS, IN DAME-STREET,
AND J. WILLIAMS, IN SKINNER-ROW.
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ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;
VOLUME I



AND
TRANSLATIONS

DUBLIN:
Printed for J. POTTS, in Dame-street,
and J. WILLIAMS, in Skinner-row.
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Recommendatory Poem

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Messiah, a Sacred Poem, in imitation of King

Polio

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Ode on St. Cecilia's Day

Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus

Ode on Solitude

Hymn on Christianity

The Rape of the Lock

Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato

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Sartre to Phaoon, an Epistle from Ovid

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The Temple of Fame

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE OCTAVO EDITIONS.

MR. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his Writings *; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the public †.

In discharge of this trust, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subscription*; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impression; nor his Memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of

* — "I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one in a full resignation of my Being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light," etc. *Let. cxx. to Mr. W.*

† — "I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all such of my Works already printed as he hath written or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of or alienated; and as he shall publish WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERATIONS." — *His last Will and Testament.*

his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the best Artists in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could bestow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to its generous impatience for the Author's writings should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the Editor need not be ashamed to tell. It was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased Friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, had left large impressions of several parts of his Works, unfold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they should have time to dispose of them to the best advantage, before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this Edition above all the preceding; so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader must collect for himself.

The FIRST Volume, and the original Poems in the SECOND, are here first printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himself, even to the very preface: Which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile translations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of all. But these being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The THIRD Volume (all but the *Essay on Man*, which together with the *Essay on Criticism*, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in Quarto, as a specimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his last illness, but never published, in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the *Epistle on the Characters of Men* is quite altered; *that on the Characters of Women* much enlarged; and the *Epistles on Riches and Taste* corrected and improved. To these advantages of the THIRD Volume, must be added a great number of fine verses, taken from the Author's Manuscript-copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the Editor. These, the Author, when he first published the poems, to which they belong, thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some, from the Manuscript-copy of the *Essay on Man*, which tended to discredit *that*, and to recommend the moral government of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last Edition of that Poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort, from his Manuscript-copy of the other *Ethic Epistles*, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two poems intitled M DCC XXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epistles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to say, with the *Variations*, or additional verses from the Author's Manuscripts. The *Epilogue to the Satires* is likewise enriched with many and large notes, now first printed from the Author's own Manuscript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this further to add, That it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, It was pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most *insignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rhymers and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raise and ennoble it by pointing his Satire against the most *pernicious* of all, Minute philosophers and Free-thinkers. I imagined, too, it was for the interests of Religion to have it known, that so great a Genius had a due abhorrence of these pests of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but at the same time, told me, it would create him many Enemies. He was not mistaken. For though the terror of his pen kept them for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with unrestrained fury in numerous Coffee-house tales, and Grub-street libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived to shew, that the follies and defects of a FASHIONABLE EDUCATION naturally led to, and necessarily ended in, FREE-THINKING; with design to point out the only remedy adequate to so destructive an evil. It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *moral writings* that might be suspected of having the least glance towards *Fate* or NATURALISM; and to add what was proper to convince the world that he was warmly on the side of MORAL GOVERNMENT and a *revealed Will*. And it would be great injustice to his memory not to declare that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The SIXTH Volume consists of Mr. Pope's miscellaneous pieces in verse and prose. Amongst the *Verse* several fine poems make now their first appearance in his Works. And of the *Prose*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this Edition.

The SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH Volumes consist entirely of his *Letters*. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours, have of *familiar Epistles*. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting these, I say, the rest are all here published from the Author's own printed, tho' not published, copies delivered to the Editor.

On the whole, the advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are these, That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings. That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his last corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verses are here first printed from the Manuscript-copies of his principal Poems of later date; That many new notes of the Author are here added to his Poems: and lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the Public.

P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have fail'd in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.*—But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any

profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordi-

nary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to

correct as to write; and I published because I was told, I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: They writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common

sense in all times ; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers : And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living ; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies : But the true Reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live : One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together ; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement ?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves ; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts ; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be par-

doned; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a Person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world

in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

P R E F A C E.

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V A R I A T I O N S

I N T H E

Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER p. x. l. 4. it followed thus— For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via laedet.)* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicae omnium horarum*; and, like our

gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. xi. l. 25.—In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find

it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;

Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,

And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port ;

I little thought of launching forth agen,

Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen :

And after so much undeserv'd success,

Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,

Itself a subject for satyric rhyme ;

Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,

Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd !

But to this Genius join'd with so much Art,

Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,

Poets are bound a loud applause to pay ;

Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,

As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing ;

Except I justly could at once commend

A good companion and as firm a Friend.

One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed

Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,

But a much greater to give Merit praise.

TO MR. POPE ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
 Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head but to the ear: 10
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull:
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
 For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall;
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the Shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:

Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long lost graces of Simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd ;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
 Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait ;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight ;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight ;
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE ON HIS WINDSOR-
FOREST.

HAILE, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand, }
And China's Earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass, 25
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:

A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine ;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35
And give at once the day, at once the night!

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,

And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
spire!

Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.

O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
Border'd with weeds, and solitude obscene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windfor's* fragrant bow'rs ;

Or to my much-lov'd *Isis'* walks convey, a view 55
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:

Where sacred *Hugh* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,

Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the *Classic* store, 60
And made that Music which was noise before.

At once the subject and the song divine.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise.
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windſor* in the ſoft abode. 65
 The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
 They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with number's fir'd
 That *Marc* taught, or *Addiſon* inspir'd.
 Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring : 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing ?

Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding
 ſtrain,
 I riſe and wander through the field or plain ;
 Led by thy Muſe from ſport to ſport I run,
 Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah ! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy 76

On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie ;
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather ſhines and varies there.

Nor can I paſs the generous courſer by, 80
 But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
 He ſtarts, he's gone ! and now I ſee him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
 Nor can the rapid fight purſue the flying horſe.
 O could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courſer that might match his own !
 Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.

Who can reſuſe *Lodona's* melting tale ?
 The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail ; 90
 The Tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
 The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.

Nor ſhall thy ſong, old *Thames* ! forbear to ſhine,
 At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
 Than all their shouts for Victory before. 96
 Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
 The World should tremble at her awful name:
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;
 A while distinct through many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
 And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phoebus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
 Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Besit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
 Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ,
 5 "To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse;
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
 He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
 "A truth, that envy bids me not conceal: 10
 "Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
 "I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
 "Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
 "Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
 "And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 "From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays. 16
 "But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
 "Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 "Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
 "And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest; 20
 "Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 "And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
 "With less regret my claim I now decline,
 "The World will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;
 What life, what vigour must the lines require? 5
 What Music tune them, what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine;
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest Ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excell
 In candid arts to play the Critic well.
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
 Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream:
 On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd, 15
 She runs for ever through Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
 Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
 Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
 The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
 But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
 The graces stand in sight; a Satire-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30

And fits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize ?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail ! 40
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head :
 Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze !
 Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat ;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night ;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 56
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here :* 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Windfor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend—and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires;
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee, 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an author please;
 E'en here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whirl in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time in-
vades,

And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
 This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
 Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
 Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
 How long * that Hero, by unskilful hands, 55
 Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60

* Odyssey, lib. xvi.

Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind:
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Maeonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire : 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right :
 Like theirs, our Friendship ! and I boast my name
 To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies ;
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes ! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
 Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
 First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
 Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
 Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds re-
 joice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal Voice,
 Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
 And see the Chief ! before him laurels born ; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page ?
 Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;
 Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his likeness in the stream :
 The GRACES these ; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Paeans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
 Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse ?
 Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry Laurel through the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
 Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane :
 While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 " Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit:
 For now no more these chimes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost: 10
 From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
 Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her fields unfown;

But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And Poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise:
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his Master bear: 50

“ Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,

To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
 That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
 Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the People whose exploits I sung ;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phoebus crown'd, 70
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
 But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
 And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise."

GEORGE LITTLETON.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year M DCC IV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

PASTORALS

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORALS

Written in the Year 1800

Printed at the Press of the Rev. Mr. [illegible]
Vice.

Vol. I.

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY^a.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*^b. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employ-

^a Written at sixteen years of age. P.

^b Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals. P.

ment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is in imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *c*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity *d*, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *e*, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to

c Heinſius in Theocr. P.

d Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 2. P.

e Rapin, Reflex. ſur l'Art Poet. d'Ariſt. p. 2. Reflex. xxvii. P.

have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered *f*. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries *g*. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety *h*. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

f Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.

g Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. P.

h See the forementioned Preface. P.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapersⁱ and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

ⁱ ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. 'P.

^k Rapin Refl. on Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot be so well considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetraslic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As

1 Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G:

THE FIRST PASTORAL,

O R D A M O N.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling oifers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

REMARKS.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville* afterwards Lord *Lansdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Hallifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walsh*, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to *Virgil*, calls the best Critic of his age. "The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that *Virgil* had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Apr. 1705.* The Lord *Lansdown* about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. *Wycherley*) "that if he goes on as he hath begun in the Pastoral way, as *Virgil* first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman," etc. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them in-

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost ! 10
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,

REMARKS.

to so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse ; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walsh* about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any *English* poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

Sir William Trumbal.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years : he was under sixteen, but *Sir William* above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 12. *in your native shades*] *Sir W. Trumbal* was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

Ver. 17, etc. The scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus :

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd;
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care ;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. "Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
 "Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia."

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of *Virgil*, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now

Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :

IMITATIONS.

Stand first of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.*

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—
 Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,—
Thyrsis, the Music of that murmur'ing Spring,—
 are manifestly imitations of

“—A Shepherd's boy (no better do him call)—

“—Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.

“—*Ἀδύτι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἀπίτυς, αἰπὸ λετὴν αἶ.*” P.

Ver 35, 36. “Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita viuis,

“Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos.” Virg. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 28. *purple year* ?] Purple here used in the Latin sense of the brightest most vivid colouring in general, not of that specific tint so called.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys.

VER. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines. P.

Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

D A M O N.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

S T R E P H O N.

Inspire me, Phoebus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

D A P H N I S.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50

R E M A R K S.

VER. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety.

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

“Et quis fuit alter,

“Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?” P.

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns*,] Literally from Virgil,

“Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae:

“Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,

“Nunc frondent sylvae, nunc formosissimus annus.” P.

VER. 47. *A milk white Bull*] Virg.—“Pascite taurum,

“Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.” P.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
 But if I conquer and augment my fold,
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

No lambs or ~~sheep~~ for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, etc. P.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties show:
Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,

"Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
"Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri." P.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ; 65
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves ;
 If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs ;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;
 Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
 But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 69, etc. These verses were thus at first :

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
 Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply ;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver 69. *All nature mourns,*]

"Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba, etc.

"Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit." Virg. P.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears, 85
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields : 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excel ; 95
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well !
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

REMARKS.

VER. 86. *A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields.*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne ; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum

"Nascantur Flores, et Phyllida solus habeto." P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. Was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head. P.

S U M M E R:

T H E

S E C O N D P A S T O R A L,

O R

A L E X I S.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition:
 A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads. P.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.
 There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time Noon. P.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou can'st not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*]

"Jupiter et laeto descendet plurimus imbri." Virg. P.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*]

"Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvae." Virg. P.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, etc.*]

"Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae

"Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

"Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

"Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe."

Virg. out of Theocr. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion. P.

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
 Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40
 He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, etc. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. Virgil again, from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
 "nuper me in littore vidi,
 "Cum placidum ventis flaret mare; non ego Daphnim,
 "Judice te, metuum, si nunquam tallat imago." P.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.
 "Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 "Fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim.
 "Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum." P.

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *Colin*; The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.

Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70

Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*]

"Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas"—Virg.

"Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis." Idem. P.

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. P.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.*]

"Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures!" Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods, etc.*]

"Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?" Idem. P.

AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL,

OR,

HYLAS and AEGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Aegon sung their rural lays :
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring ; 5
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire ;

REMARKS.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil :
The Scene, a Hill ; the Time at Sun-set. P.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies ; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit : The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve ; though with a little more correctness. P.

VER. 8. *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire ;*] This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Caesar :

"Tu quoque, tu in summis, & dimidiato Menander,

"Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator :

"Len bus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis

"Comica."

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said—*with Menander's fire*. For what the Poet meant, was, that his friend

Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms! 10
 Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;

REMARKS.

had join'd to Terence's art, what Caesar thought wanting in Terence, namely, the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides—and Menander's fire, is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. He was distinguished for having art and comic spirit in conjunction; and Terence having only the first part, is called the *half of Menander*.

VER. 9. *Whose sense instructs us,*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the deserved fate of weak and prostitute flatterers, and which they rarely escape. For *sense*, he would willingly have said *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all shamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action.

Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks; or sun-shine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

IMITATIONS.

- VER. 37. "Aurea duræ
 "Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,
 "Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ." Virg. Ecl. viii. P.
 VER. 43, etc.]
 "Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 "Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo." Ecl. v. P.
 VER. 52. "An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?" Id. viii. P.

VARIATIONS.

- VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.
 With him, thro' Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

Next Aegon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd; 55
Rehearfe, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!

REMARKS.

VER. 74. *And grateful clusters, etc.*] The scene in Windsor-forest; so this image not so exact.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes]*

"Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos." P.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains! 85
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89.

"Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum," etc. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 98, 100.] There's a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before.

W I N T E R:

T H E

F O U R T H P A S T O R A L,

O R

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

L Y C I D A S.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
 Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

T H Y R S I S.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10

R E M A R K S.

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Pastoral.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on "Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to "give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same "lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

VER. 9. *shine with silver frost,*] The image is a fine one, but

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, etc*] Ἀδύτη, etc. Theocr. Idyl. i.

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30

REMARKS.

improperly placed. The idea he would raise is the *deformity* of Winter, as appears by the following line: but this imagery contradicts it. It should have been—*glare with hoary frost*, or some such expression: the same inaccuracy in ver. 31. where he uses *pearls*, when he should have said *tears*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*]

"Audiit Eurotas, iussitque ediscere lauros." Virg. P.

VER. 23, 24, 25. "Inducite fontibus umbras—"

"Et tumultum facite, et tumulto superaddite carmen." P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;

Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore? 35

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew descends from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:

PASTORALS.

29

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews; 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70.

"miratur limen Olympi,

"Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis." Virg. P.

VER. 81.

"illius aram

"Saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg. P.

VER. 86.

"solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,

"Juniperi gravis umbra." Virg. P.

Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

REMARKS.

VER. 89, etc.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*]

"Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori."

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.

M E S S I A H,

A

S A C R E D E C L O G U E:

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

D 4

Advertisement.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

M E S S I A H,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE:

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Hsaiah's hallow'd lips with fire! 5

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, etc.]*
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

“ Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;

“ Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.”

“ Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

“ Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—

“ Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.”

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,
“ now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means
“ of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped
“ away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall go-
“ vern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.”

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. “ Behold a Virgin shall conceive and
“ bear a Son.—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. “ Unto us a Child is born, unto
“ us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his
“ government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the
“ throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to stablish
“ it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.” P.

From ^a Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies : 10
 Th' Etherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye ^b Heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ^c sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :

R E M A R K S.

VER. 13. *Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !*

His Original says, "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let
 "the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let
 "them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up to-
 "gether."—This is a very noble description of divine grace shed
 abroad in the hearts of the faithful under the Gospel dispensation.
 And the poet understood all its force, as appears from the two
 lines preceding these,—*Th' Etherial Spirit, etc.* The prophet de-
 scribes this under the image of rain, which chiefly fits the *first age*
 of the Gospel : The poet, under the idea of dew, which extends
 it to *every age*. And it was his purpose it should be so under-
 stood, as appears from his expression of *soft silence*, which agrees
 with the *common*, not the *extraordinary* effusions of the Holy
 Spirit. The figurative term is wonderfully happy. He who would
 moralize the ancient Mythology in the manner of *Bacn*, would
 say, that by the poetical *nectar*, is meant the *grace* of the Theo-
 logists.

VER. 17. *Ancient fraud*] i. e. the fraud of the Serpent.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 23. *See Nature hastes, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

"At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,"

"Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,"

^a Isai. ch. xi. ver. 1. ^b Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ^c Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
^d Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See e lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the f way ! a God, a God appears : 30
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

IMITATIONS.

"Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—

"Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

"For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled,
 "produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*,
 "and *Colocasia* with smiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle shall pour
 "forth pleasing flowers about thee."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. "The wilderness and the solitary
 "place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as
 "the rose." Ch. lx. ver. 13. "The glory of *Lebanon* shall come
 "unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to
 "beautify the place of thy sanctuary." P.

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, etc.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

"Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,

"Cara desum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

"Ipsi laetitia voces ad sydera jactant

"Intonsi montes, ipsae jam carmina rupes,

"Ipsa sonant arbusae, Deus, deus ille Menalcæ!"

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws
 "nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of *Israel*!
 "The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars,
 "the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God,
 "a God!"

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth in
 "the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight
 "in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be ex-
 "alted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the
 "crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."
 Ch. iv. ver. 23. "Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O
 "forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed
 "*Israel*."

e. Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

f Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear g him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In h adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good i shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,*] The sense and language shew, that by *visual ray*, the poet meant the *sight*, or, as Milton calls it, indeed something less boldly, tho' more exactly, *the visual nerve*. However, no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the *instrument* of vision by the name of the *cause*. But tho' the term be noble and sublime, yet the expression of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, "That when a figurative word is used, whatsoever is predicated of it ought not only to agree in terms to the thing to which the figure is applied, but likewise to that from which the figure is taken." *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely, to the *sight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken, namely, a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He should have said *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But these inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems.

g Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. h Ch. xxv. ver. 8.
 i Ch. xl. ver. 11.

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd & father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful m Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren & deserts with surprize
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy & valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

"Molli paulatim flavescent campus arista,

"Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,

"Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella."

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
 "grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks
 "shall distil honey like dew."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground shall be-
 "come a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the
 "habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and
 "rushes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Instead of the thorn shall come
 "up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar, shall come up the
 "myrtle tree." P.

k Ch. ix. ver. 6. l Ch. ii. ver. 4. m Ch. lxx. ver. 21, 22.
 n Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7. o Ch. xli. ver. 19, and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed:
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet;
 And harmless & serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey;
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial & Salem, rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

“ Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae

“ Ubers, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—

“ Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

“ Occidet. —”

“ The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 “ milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The
 “ serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.”

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 16, etc. “ The wolf shall dwell with the
 “ lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf
 “ and the young lion and the sucking together: and a little child
 “ shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
 “ And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and
 “ the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cocka-
 “ trice.” P.

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!* The
 thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem,
 are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general excla-
 mations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

“ Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo!

“ —toto surget gens aurea mundo!

“ —incipient magni procedere menses!

“ Aspice, venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo!” etc.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here-
 cited. P.

p Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

q Ch. lvi. ver. 25.

r Ch. lx. ver. 1.

See a long^s race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90
 See barb'rous t nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of u Sabaeen springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising w Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The x seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

s Ch. lx. ver. 4. t Ch. lx. ver. 3. u Ch. lx. ver. 6. w Ch. lx.
 ver. 19, 20. x Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.





*My humble Muse in unambitious Strains
Paints the green Forests & the flow'ry Plains.
Windsor Forest*

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: Te nostrae, *Vare*, myricae,
Te *Nemus* omne canet: nec Phoebus gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quae *Vari* praescripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WINDSOR - FOREST

GEORGE L. LAMSON

1844

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring! 5
 What Muse for **GRANVILLE** can refuse to sing?

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song:
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. Originally thus,

Chaste goddesses of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
 Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
 Unlock your springs— P.

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6.

"neget quis carmina Gallo?" Virg.

Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend:
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leech's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath? P.

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus, etc.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had said,

"Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,

"But Atlas only, which supports the spheres."

The comparison is childish, as the taking it from fabulous history destroys the compliment. Our Poet has shewn more judgment: he has made a manly use of as fabulous a circumstance by the artful application of the mythology,

Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear, etc.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windsor-forest to consist in supporting the inhabitants in plenty.

Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

VER. 57. etc.

No wonder savages or subjects slain—

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word *savages* is not properly applied to beasts but to men; which occasioned the alteration. P.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80

NOTES.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, etc.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I.

VER. 80. *himself deny'd a grave.*] The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a Gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his servants were going to put him in his tomb: so that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the King's obsequies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:]*

Translated from

“Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva-colonia,”
 an old monkish writer, I forget who. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. *And wolves with howling fill, etc.*] The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds; 100
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:

NOTES.

VER. 81. *second hope*] Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. "Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma." Virg.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs. P.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds*,
 The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage. P.

Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo)
 With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 125
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 115. "nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 "Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis insula texit." Virg.

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound. 150
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. "Praecipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt." Virg.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courser, etc.*] Translated from Statius,
 "Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

"Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

These lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fres-
 noy's Art of painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says, "they
 "would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure, to translate them,

Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.
 Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170
 Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone. 176
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;

I M I T A T I O N S.

"there is so much of beauty in the original;" which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr. P. tried his strength with them.

VER. 158. *and earth rolls back*] He has improved his original;
 "terraeque urbesque recedunt." Virg.

VER. 175.

"Nec posito variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 "Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos." Ovid.

N O T E S.

VER. 162. QUEEN ANNE.

A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forests verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight encreas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 "Ah, Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train, 200
 "Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 "My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 183, 186.

"Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae,

"Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas." Ovid.

VER. 193, 196.

"Sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam

"Ante pedes umbram: nisi si timor illa videbat.

"Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens

"Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris."

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landkip of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames!

Thou too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear,
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear. 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods: 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

NOTES.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, etc.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His sov'reign favours, and his Country loves: 236
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
 With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 235.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
 Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251, 52. "Servare modum finemque tenere,

"Naturamque sequi." Lucr.

VER. 261. "O qui me gelidis, etc." Virg.

To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made: 270
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 strung
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? 280
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings!
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

VER. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal shore!
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more. P.

NOTES.

VER. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and
 was from thence convey'd to Westminster. P.

To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore, 300
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, 305
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 290. *her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;
 Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains. P.

NOTES.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey,*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry, who flourished in the time of Henry VIII. P.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P.

Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,
'The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) 320
Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled?

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
At length great ANNA said—"Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
Oh fact accurst! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
Gods! what new wounds, etc.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.
'Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was Peace.

NOTES.

VER. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.
VER. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps:]* Edward IV. P.

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
 His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame: 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
 High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes, and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

VARIATIONS.

Between Verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines,
 From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
 O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
 With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
 Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
 He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
 With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dress'd,
 The tributes of the distant East and West. P.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hemmus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign,
 No more my sons shall die with British blood.
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; 370
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending Villa's on my side, 375
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
 There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

NOTES.

VER. 378. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches. P.

There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods, 386
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 391
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
And Phoebus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide, 400
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 385, etc. were originally thus,

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day,
Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy seas, etc. P.

NOTES.

VER. 390. *Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;*]
The Poet is here recommending the advantages of commerce, and
therefore the extremities of heat and cold are not represented in
a forbidding manner: as again,

"Or under southern skies exalt their sails,

"Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales."

But in the Dunciad, where the mischief of Dulness is described,
they are painted in all their inclemencies,

"See round the Poles, where hoener spangles shine,

"Where spices smoke beneath the burning line."

VER. 398. *Unbounded Thames, etc.]* A wish that London may
be made a free Port. P.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy fide,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves, 410
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light: 426
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forest and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 423. "Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax"

"Referre sermones Deorum et"

"Magna modis tenuare parvis." Hor.

ODE
ON
ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

M DCC VIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC

SP. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear;

NOTES.

Ode for Music.] This is one of the most artful as well as sublime of our Poet's smaller compositions. The *first stanza* expresses the various tones and measures in music. The *second* describes their power over the several passions in general. The *third* explains their use in inspiring the Heroic passions in particular. The *fourth, fifth, and sixth*, their power over all nature in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell, which subject of illustration arose naturally out of the preceding mention of the Argonautic expedition, where Orpheus gives the example of the use of Music to inspire the heroic passions. The *seventh* and last conclude in praise of Music, and the advantages of the sacred above the profane.

VER. 7. *Let the loud trumpet sound, etc.*] Our Author, in his rules for good writing, had said, that *the sound shall be an echo to the sense*. The *graces* it adds to the harmony are obvious. But we should never have seen all the advantages arising from this rule, had this Ode not been written. In which, one may venture to say, is found all the harmony that poetic sound, when it comes in aid of sense, is capable of producing.

Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
 'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away, 20
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors the fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds; 30
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound.
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts! 55

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans, 60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre ;

And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance! 65

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75

Or Amaranthine bowers ;

By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer ;
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious ?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ? 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love,
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Maeanders, 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost ! 105
 Now with Furies furrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ; 110
Hark! Haemtus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods, 115
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Musick the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm :
Musick can soften pain to ease, 120
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above,

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130

Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

T W O

C H O R U S ' S

T O T H E

T R A G E D Y O F B R U T U S .².

C H O R U S O F A T H E N I A N S .

S T R O P H E I .

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
 Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood. 5
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

A N T I S T R O P H E I .

Oh heav'n-born sifers! source of art!
 Who charm the sense or mend the heart; 10

N O T E S .

THESE two Chorus's were composed to enrich a very poor Play; but they had the usual effect of ill-adjusted Ornaments, only to make the meanness of the subject the more conspicuous.

² Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorus's were composed to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

VER. 3. *Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd, And Epicurus lay inspir'd!*] The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that *Brutus*, one of the Heroes of this play, was of the Old Academy; and *Cassius*, the other, was an Epicurean: but this had not been enough to justify the Poet's choice, had not Plato's system of *Divinity*, and Epicurus's system of *Morals*, been each the most rational amongst the various sects of Greek Philosophy.

Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral Truth and mystic Song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore; 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Moral Truth AND mystic Song!*] He had expressed himself better had he said;

"*Moral truth IN mystic song!*"

In the Antistrophe he turns from *Philosophy* to *Mythology*; and *Mythology* is nothing but *moral truth in mystic song*.

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

O H Tyrant Love ! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast ?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress ? 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast ?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve ;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to love :
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Why, Virtue, etc.*] In allusion to that famous conceit
 of Guarini,

" Se il peccare è sì dolce," etc.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye,
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye :
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move ?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joy, distastes, surmizes
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine *.

NOTES.

* These two Chorus's are enough to shew us his great talents for this species of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not prosecute his purpose in executing some plans he had chalked out ; but the Character of the Managers of Playhouses at that time, was what (he said) soon determin'd him to lay aside all thoughts of that nature.

ODE on SOLITUDE*.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone 20
 Tell where I lie.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. P.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year MDCCIX.

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BOOK on SOLITUDE

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Written in the Year MDCCLX

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

I.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

COMMENTARY.

An Essay] The poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first [to ver. 261.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*: the second [from thence to ver. 560.] exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the *Morals of the Critic*.

In order to a right conception of this poem, it will be necessary to observe, that though it be intitled simply *An Essay on Criticism*, yet several of the precepts relate equally to the good *writing* as well as to the true *judging* of a poem. This is so far from violating the *Unity* of the subject, that it preserves and completes it: or from disordering the regularity of the *Form*, that it adds beauty to it, as will appear by the following considerations: 1. It was impossible to give a full and exact idea of the *Art of Poetical Criticism*, without considering at the same time the *Art of Poetry*; so far as Poetry is an *Art*. These therefore being closely connected in nature, the author has, with much judgment, interwoven the precepts of each reciprocally through his whole poem. 2. As the rules of the ancient Critics were taken from Poets who copied nature, this is another reason why every Poet should be a Critic: Therefore, as the subject is *poetical Criticism*, it is frequently addressed to the *critical Poet*. And 3dly, the *Art of Criticism* is as properly, and much more usefully exercised in *writing* than in *judging*.

But readers have been misled by the modesty of the *Title*, which only promises an *Art of Criticism*, to expect little, where they will find a great deal; a treatise, and that no incomplete one, of the *Art* both of *Criticism* and *Poetry*. This, and the not attending to the considerations offered above, was what, perhaps, misled a very

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

5

10

COMMENTARY.

candid writer, after having given the *ESSAY ON CRITICISM* all the praises on the side of genius and poetry which his true taste could not refuse it, to say, that *the observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer.* Spect. No. 235. I do not see how *method* can hurt any one grace of Poetry; or what prerogative there is in Verse to dispense with *regularity*. The remark is false in every part of it. Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, the Reader will soon see, is a regular piece: And a very learned Critic has lately shewn, that *Horace* had the same attention to method in his *Art of Poetry*. See Mr. Hurd's *Comment on the Epistle to the Pisos*.

VER. 1. *'Tis hard to say, etc.*] The Poem opens [from ver. 1 to 9.] with shewing the use and seasonableness of the subject. Its *use*, from the greater mischief in wrong Criticism than in ill Poetry; this only tiring, that misleading the reader: Its *seasonableness*, from the growing number of bad Critics, which now vastly exceeds that of bad Poets.

VER. 9. *'Tis with our Judgments, etc.*] The author having shewn us the expediency of his subject, the *Art of Criticism*, inquires next [from ver. 8 to 15.] into the proper *Qualities* of a true Critic: and observes first, that JUDGMENT alone, is not sufficient to constitute this character, because *Judgment*, like the *artificial measures of Time*, goes different, and yet each man relies upon his own. The reasoning is conclusive; and the similitude extremely just. For *Judgment*, when it is alone, is generally regulated, or at least much influenced, by custom, fashion, and habit; and never certain and constant, but when founded upon and accompanied by TASTE: which is in the Critic, what, in the Poet, we call GENIUS: both are derived from Heaven, and like the Sun, the *natural measure of Time*, always constant and equable.

Judgment alone, it is allowed, will not make a Poet; where is the wonder then, that it will not make a Critic in poetry? for on examination we shall find, that *Genius* and *Taste* are but one and the same faculty, differently exerting itself under different names, in the two professions of Poetry and Criticism. The Art of Poetry consists in *selecting*, out of all those images which present them-

In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel, ¹⁵
And censure freely who have written well.

COMMENTARY.

selves to the fancy, such of them as are truly beautiful. And the Art of Criticism in discerning, and fully relishing what it finds so selected. The main difference is, that in the Poet, this faculty is eminently joined to a *bright imagination*, and *extensive comprehension*, which provide stores for the selection, and can form that selection, by proportioned parts, into a regular whole: In the CRITIC, it is joined to a *solid judgment* and *accurate discernment*, which can penetrate into the causes of an excellence, and display that excellence in all its variety of lights. Longinus had *taste* in an *eminent* degree; therefore, this quality, which all true Critics have in common, our Author makes his distinguishing character;

"Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,

"And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire."

i. e. with *taste* or *genius*.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others, etc.*] But it is not enough that the Critic hath these natural endowments of judgment and taste, to entitle him to exercise his Art; he should, as our author shews us [from ver. 14 to 19.] in order to give a further test of his qualification, have put them successfully into use. And this, on two accounts: 1. Because the office of a Critic is an exercise of Authority. 2. Because he being naturally as partial to his *Judgment* as the Poet is to his *Wit*, his partiality would have nothing to correct it, as that of the person judged hath, by the very terms. Therefore some *test* is necessary; and the best, and most unexceptionable, is his having written well himself; an approved remedy against *Critical partiality*; and the surest means of so maturing the Judgment, as to reap with glory what Longinus calls "the last and most perfect fruits of much study and experience."

Η ΓΑΡ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΠΕΙ-
ΡΑΣ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ.

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others*] "Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." Cic. *ad Herenn. lib. iv.* "De pictore, sculptore, fletore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest." Pliny. P.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind ; 20
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd : 25 }

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author :

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new ;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do. P.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 19. *Yet if we look, etc.*] But the Author having been thus free with the fundamental quality of Criticism, *Judgment*, so as to charge it with *inconstancy* and *partiality*, and to be often warped by *custom* and *affection* ; that he may not be misunderstood, he next explains [from ver. 18 to 36.] the nature of *Judgment*, and the accidents occasioning those miscarriages before objected to it. He owns, that the *seeds* of *Judgment* are indeed sown in the minds of most men, but by ill culture, as it springs up, it generally runs wild : either, on the one hand, by FALSE LEARNING, which pedants call *Philology*, and by FALSE REASONING, which Philosophers call *School learning* : Or, on the other, by FALSE WIT, which is not regulated by *sense* ; and by FALSE POLITENESS, which is solely regulated by the *fasbion*. Both these sorts, who have their Judgment thus doubly depraved, the poet observes, are naturally turned to censure and abuse ; only with this difference, that the learned *Dunce* always affects to be on the *reasoning*, and the unlearned *Fool* on the *laughing* side.—And thus, at the same time, our author proves the truth of his introductory observation, *that the number of bad Critics is vastly superior to that of bad Poets*.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds*] “ Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant.” *Cic. de Orat. lib. iii.* P.

VER. 25. *So by false learning*] “ Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.” *Quint.* P.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite,
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 36. *Some have at first for Wits, etc.*] The poet having enumerated, in this account of the nature of *Judgment* and its various depravations, the several sorts of *bad critics*, and ranked them into two general Classes; as the first sort, namely, the men spoiled by *false learning*, are but few in comparison of the other, and likewise come less within his main view (which is *poetical Criticism*) but keep groveling at the bottom amongst *words and syllables*, he thought it enough for his purpose here, just to have mentioned them, proposing to do them right hereafter. But the men spoiled by *false taste* are innumerable; and These are his proper concern: He therefore [from ver. 35 to 46:] subdivides them again into the two classes of the *volatile* and *heavy*: He describes, in few words, the quick progression of the One through Criticism, from false wit, to plain folly, where they end; and the

NOTES.

VER. 28. *In search of wit these lose their common sense.*] This observation is extremely just. *Search of Wit* is not only the *occasion*, but the *efficient cause* of the *loss of common sense*. For *Wit* consisting in chusing out, and setting together such Ideas from whose assemblage pleasant pictures may be drawn on the Fancy; the *Judgment*, through an habitual search of Wit, loses, by degrees, its faculty of seeing the true relation of things; in which consists the exercise of *common sense*.

VER. 32. *All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.*] The sentiment is just. And if Hobbes's account of Laughter be true, that it arises from a silly pride, we see the reason of it. The expression too is fine; it alludes to the condition of Idiots and natural fools, who are observed to be ever on the grin.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,

COMMENTARY.

fixed station of the Other between the confines of both; who under the name of *Wittings*, have neither end nor measure. A kind of half-formed creature from the equivocal generation of *vivacity* and *dulness*, like those on the banks of the *Nile*, from *heat* and *mud*.

VER. 46. *But you who seek, etc.*] Our Author having thus far, by way of INTRODUCTION, explained the nature, use, and abuse of *Criticism*, in a figurative description of the qualities and characters of *Critics*, proceeds now to deliver the precepts of the art. The first of which [from ver. 45 to 68.] is, that he who sets up for a Critic, should previously examine his own strength, and see how far he is qualified for the exercise of his profession. He puts him in a way to make this discovery, in that admirable direction given ver. 51.

AND MARK THAT POINT WHERE SENSE AND DULNESS MEET. He had shewn above, that *Judgment*, without *Taste* or *Genius*, is equally incapable of making a Critic or a Poet: In whatsoever subject then the Critic's *Taste* no longer accompanies his *Judgment*, there he may be assured he is going out of his depth. This our Author finely calls,

that point where sense and dulness meet.

And immediately adds the REASON of his precept; the Author

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Their generation's so equivocal:*] It is sufficient that a principle of philosophy has been generally received, whether it be true or false, to justify a poet's use of it to set off his wit. But, to recommend his *argument*, he should be cautious how he uses any but the true. For falsehood, when it is set too near the truth, will tarnish what it should brighten up. Besides, the analogy between natural and moral truth, makes the principles of true Philosophy the fittest for this use. Our Poet has been pretty careful in observing this rule.

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit;

COMMENTARY.

of Nature having so constituted the mental faculties, that one of them can never greatly excel, but at the expence of another. From this state of co-ordination in the mental faculties, and the influence and effects they have upon one another, the Poet draws this CONSEQUENCE, that no one Genius can EXCEL in more than one Art or Science. The consequence shews the necessity of the precept, just as the *premisses*, from which the consequence is drawn, shew the *reasonableness* of it.

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VER. 51. *And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.*
Besides the *peculiar* sense explained above in the comment, the words have still a more *general* meaning, and caution us against going on, when our Ideas begin to grow obscure: as we are then most apt to do; tho' that obscurity be an admonition that we should leave off; for it arises either from our small acquaintance with the subject, or the incomprehensibility of its nature. In which circumstances, a Genius will always write as badly as a Dunce. An observation well worth the attention of all profound writers.

VER. 56. *Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.*

These observations are collected from an intimate knowledge of human nature. The cause of that languor and heaviness in the *understanding*, which is almost inseparable from a very strong and tenacious *memory*, seems to be a want of the proper exercise of

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more : 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :

COMMENTARY.

VER. 68. *First follow Nature, etc.*] The Critic observing the directions before given, and now finding himself qualified for his office, is shewn next, *how* to exercise it. And as he was to attend to Nature for a *Call*, so he is first and principally to follow Nature when *called*. And here again in this, as in the foregoing precept, our Poet [from ver. 67 to 88.] shews both the *fitness* and *necessity* of it. 1. Its *fitness*, 1. Because Nature is the *source* of Poetic art; this art being only a representation of Nature, who is its great exemplar and original. 2. Because Nature is the *end* of Art; the design of poetry being to convey the knowledge of Nature in the most agreeable manner. 3. Because Nature is the *test* of Art, as she is unerring, constant, and still the same. Hence the poet observes, that as Nature is the *source*, she conveys *life* to art: As she is the *end*, she conveys *force* to it, for the *force* of any thing arises from its being directed to its *end*: And as she is the *test*, she conveys *beauty* to it, for every thing acquires *beauty* by its being reduced to its true *standard*. Such is the sense of these two important lines,

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,

At once the *source*, and *end*, and *test* of Art.

NOTES.

that faculty: the understanding being, in a great measure, unactive, while the memory is cultivating. As to the other appearance, the decay of memory by the vigorous exercise of Fancy, the Poet himself seems to have intimated the cause of it in the epithet he has given to the *Imagination*. For, if, according to the Atomic Philosophy, the memory of things be preserved in a chain of ideas, produced by the animal spirits moving in continued trains; the force and rapidity of the Imagination, perpetually breaking and dissipating the links of this chain by forming new associations, must necessarily weaken and disorder the recollective faculty.

VER. 67. *Would all but stoop to what they understand.*] The expression is delicate, and implies what is very true, that most men think it a degradation of their genius to use it in cultivating what lies level to their comprehension, and so rather employ their talents in the ambitious attempt of subduing what is placed above it.

Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides: 75
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

COMMENTARY.

II. The necessity of the precept is seen from hence. The two constituent qualities of a *Composition*, as such, are *Art* and *Wit*: But neither of these attains perfection, 'till the first be *bid*, and the other judiciously *restrained*; this only happens when *Nature* is exactly followed; for then Art never makes a parade; nor can Wit commit an extravagance. Art, while it *adheres* to Nature, and has so large a *fund* in the resources which Nature supplies, disposes every thing with so much *ease* and *simplicity*; that we see nothing but those natural images it works with, while Itself stands unobserv'd, behind: But when Art *leaves* Nature, misled either by the bold sallies of Fancy, or the quaint oddnesses of Fashion, she is then obliged at every step to come forward, in a painful or pompous ostentation, in order to cover, to soften, or to regulate the shocking disproportion of *unnatural* images. In the first case, our Poet compares Art to the Soul within, informing a beauteous body; but in the last, we are bid to consider it but as a mere outward garb, fitted only to hide the defects of a mis-shapen one.—As to *Wit*, it might perhaps be imagined that this needed only *Judgment* to govern it: But, as he well observes,

“Wit and Judgment often are at strife,

“Tho' meant each other's aid, like Man and Wife:

They want therefore some friendly Mediator; and this Mediator is *Nature*: And in attending to Nature, *Judgment* will learn where he should comply with the charms of Wit; and *Wit* how she ought to obey the sage directions of Judgment.

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VER. 80. *Some, to whom Heav'n, etc.*] Here the Poet (in a sense he was not, at first, aware of) has given an example of the

For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 88. *Those Rules of old, etc.*] Having thus, in his first precept, to follow Nature, settled Criticism on its true foundation; he proceeds to shew, what assistance may be had from Art. But, lest this should be thought to draw the Critic from the ground where our Poet had before fixed him, he previously observes [from ver. 87 to 92.] that these *Rules of Art*, which he is now about to re-

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truth of his observation, in the observation itself. The two lines stood originally thus,

"There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of *Wit*,

"Yet want as much again to *manage it*."

In the first line, *wit* is used, in the modern sense, for the effort of Fancy: in the second line it is used, in the ancient sense, for the result of Judgment. This trick, play'd the Reader, he endeavoured to keep out of sight, by altering the lines as they now stand,

"Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been *profuse*,

"Want as much more to *turn it to its use*."

For the words, *to manage it*, as the lines were at first, too plainly discovered the change put upon the Reader, in the use of the word, *wit*. This is now a little covered by the later expression of—*turn it to its use*. But then the alteration, in the preceding line, from—*store of wit*, to *profuse*, was an unlucky change. For tho' he who has *store of wit* may want more, yet he to whom it was given in *profusion* could hardly be said to want more. The truth is, the poet had said a lively thing, and would, at all hazards, preserve the reputation of it, tho' the very topic he is upon obliged him to detect the imposition, in the very next lines, which shew he meant two very different things, by the same term, in the two preceding,

"For *wit* and *judgment* often are at strife,

"Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife."

VER. 88. *Those Rules of old, etc.*] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that thing is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*.—"Nihil est quod

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:

COMMENTARY.

commend to the Critic's observance, were not *invented* by abstract speculation, but *discovered* in the book of Nature; and that therefore, tho' they may seem to restrain *Nature* by *Laws*, yet as they are Laws of her own making, the Critic is still properly in the very liberty of Nature. These Rules the ancient Critics borrowed from the Poets, who received them immediately from *Nature*.

"Just Precepts thus from great Examples giv'n,

"These drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n:"

So that both are to be well studied.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece, etc.*] He speaks of the *ancient Critics* first, and with great judgment, as the previous knowledge of them is necessary for reading the Poets, with that fruit which the end here proposed, requires. But having, in the foregoing observation, sufficiently explained the *nature* of ancient Criticism, he enters on the subject [treated of, from ver. 91 to 118.] with a sublime description of its *end*; which was to illustrate the beauties of the best Writers, in order to excite others to an emulation of their excellence. From the rapture, which these Ideas inspire, the poet is brought back, by the follies of modern Criticism, now before his eyes, to reflect on its base degeneracy. And as the restoring the Art to its original purity and splendor is the great purpose of his poem, he first takes notice of those who seem not to understand that *Nature* is exhaustless; that *new models* of good writing may be produced in every age; and consequently, that *new rules* may be formed from these models, in the same manner as the old Critics formed theirs, which was, from the writings of the ancient Poets: But men wanting art and ability to form these *new rules*, were content to receive, and file up for use, the *old ones* of *Aristotle*, *Quintilian*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, etc. with the same vanity and boldness that Apothecaries practise with

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"ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituire vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.—Omnia sere, quae sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quaedam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assumunt, quae rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinet, et ratione quaedam constringeret." *De Orat.* l. i. c. 41, 2.

High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n,
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with Reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more below'd:
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid; 105
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,

COMMENTARY.

their Doctor's bills: And then rashly applying them to *new Originals* (cases which they did not hit) it was no more in their power than in their inclination, to imitate the candid practice of the *Ancients*, when

"The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,

"And taught the world with Reason to admire;"

For, as *Ignorance*, when joined with *Humility*, produces stupid admiration, on which account it is so commonly observed to be the *mother of Devotion* and blind homage; so when joined with *Vanity* (as it always is in bad Critics) it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuse and slander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late ridiculous and now forgotten thing, called the *Life of Socrates*; where the Head of the author (as a man of wit observed) has just made a shift to do the office of a *Camera obscura*, and represent things in an inverted order; himself *above*, and Spratt, Rollin, Voltaire, and every other writer of reputation, *below*.

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VER. 98. *Just precepts*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum est
 "ut a-gumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam prae-
 "ciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt."
Quintil. P.

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
 steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 118. *You then whose judgment, etc.*] He comes next to the *ancient Poets*, the other and more intimate commentators of Nature. And shews [from ver. 117 to 141.] that the study of These must indispensibly follow that of the *ancient Critics*, as they furnish us with what the Critics, who only give us *general rules*, cannot supply: while the study of a great original Poet, in

"His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page;

"Religion, Country, genius of his Age;"

will help us to those *particular rules* which only can conduct us safely through every considerable work we undertake to examine; and, without which, we may cavil indeed, as the Poet truly observes, but can never *criticize*. We might as well suppose that

NOTES.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves—Some drily plain.*] The *first* are the Apes of those learned *Italian Critics* who at the restoration of letters, having found the classic writers miserably deformed by the hands of monkish Librarians, very commendably employed their pains and talents in restoring them to their native purity. The *second*, the plagiarists from those *French Critics*, who had made some admirable commentaries on the ancient critics. But that *acumen* and *taste*, which separately constitute the distinct value of those two species of Italian and French Criticism, make no part of the character of these paltry mimics at home, described by our Poet in the following lines,

"These leave the sense, their learning to display,

"And those explain the meaning quite away."

Which species is the least hurtful, the Poet has enabled us to determine in the lines with which he opens his poem,

"But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence

"To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age;
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
 Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
 The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. P.

COMMENTARY.

Vitruvius's book alone would make a perfect Judge of Architecture, without the knowledge of some great master-piece of science, such as the Rotonda at Rome, or the Temple of Minerva at Athens; as that Aristotle's should make a perfect Judge of Wit, without the study of Homer and Virgil. These therefore he principally recommends to complete the Critic in his Art. But as the latter of these Poets has, by superficial judges, been considered rather as a copier of Homer, than an original from Nature, our Author obviates that common error, and shews it to have arisen (as often error does) from a truth, viz. that *Homer and Nature were the same*; that the ambitious young Poet, though he scorned to stoop at any thing short of Nature, when he came to understand this great truth, had the prudence to contemplate Nature in the place where she was seen to most advantage, collected in all her charms in the clear mirror of Homer. Hence it would follow, that though Virgil studied Nature, yet the vulgar reader would believe him to be a copier of Homer; and though he copied Homer, yet the judicious reader would see him to be an imitator of Nature: the finest praise which any one, who came after Homer, could receive.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line. }
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 130. When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars,
 Ere warning Phoebus touch'd his trembling ears.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare, etc.*] Our author, in these two general directions for studying *Nature* and her *Commentators*, having considered Poetry as it is, or may be reduced to *Rule*; lest this should be mistaken as sufficient to attain PERFECTION either in *writing* or *judging*, he proceeds [from ver. 140 to 201.] to point up to those *sublimier* beauties which *Rules* will never reach, nor enable us either to *execute* or *taste*: beauties, which rise so high above all precept as not even to be *described* by it; but being entirely the gift of Heaven, Art and Reason have no further share in them than just to regulate their operations. These *Sublimities* of Poetry (like the *Mysteries* of Religion, some of which are above Reason, and some contrary to it) may be divided into two sorts, such as are *above* Rules, and such as are *contrary* to them.

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VER. 130. *When first young Maro, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. vi.

"Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthus aurum

"Vellit."

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

Musick resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky licence answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] The first sort our author describes [from ver. 145 to 151.] and shews, that where a great beauty is in the Poet's view, which no stated Rules will authorize him how to reach, there, as the purpose of rules is only to attain an end like this, a lucky Licence will supply the place of them: nor can the Critic fairly object, since this Licence, for the reason given above, has the proper force and authority of a Rule.

NOTES.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] "Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista praecepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plebique; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit. Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur." *Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13.* P.

VER. 150. *Thus Pegasus, etc.*] We have observed how the precepts for writing and judging are interwoven throughout the whole Poem. Our Author first describes the sublime flight of a Poet soaring above all vulgar bounds, to snatch a Grace directly, which lies beyond the reach of a common adventurer: And afterwards, the effect of that Grace upon the true Critic: whom it penetrates with equal rapidity; going the nearest way to his heart, without passing through his Judgment. By which is not meant that it could not stand the test of Judgment; but that, as it was a beauty uncommon, and above rule, and the Judgment habituated to determine only by rule, it makes its direct appeal to the heart; which, when once gained, soon brings over the Judgment, whose concurrence (it being now enlarged and set above form) is easily procured. That this is the Poet's sublime conception appears from the concluding words:

"and all its end at once attains;"

for Poetry doth not attain all its end, till it hath gained the Judgment as well as Heart.

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. 160
 But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170

COMMENTARY.

VER. 152. *Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend, etc.*] He describes next the *second sort*, the beauties *against rule*. And even here, as he observes [from ver. 151 to 161.] the offence is so glorious, and the fault so sublime, that the *true Critic* will not dare either to censure or reform them. Yet still the *Poet* is never to abandon himself to his imagination: The rules laid down for his conduct in this respect, are these; 1. That though he transgress the *letter* of some *one particular Precept*, yet that he be still careful to adhere to the end or *spirit* of them *all*; which end is the creation of *one uniform perfect Whole*. And 2. That he have, in each instance, the authority of the *dispensing* power of the Ancients to plead for him. These rules observed, this licence will be *seldom* used, and only when he is *compelled by need*: which will disarm the Critic, and screen the *offender* from his laws.

VER. 169. *I know there are, etc.*] But as some *modern Critics* have pretended to say, that this last reason is only justifying one fault by another, our author goes on [from ver. 168 to 181.] to vindicate the *Ancients*; and to shew that this presumptuous thought, as he calls it, proceeds from mere Ignorance: As where their *partiality* will not let them see that this licence is sometimes neces-

Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display 175

His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with the occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;

COMMENTARY.

sary for the symmetry and proportion of a perfect Whole, in the light, and from the point, wherein it must be view'd: or where their haste will not give them time to observe, that a deviation from rule is for the sake of attaining some great and admirable purpose.—These observations are further useful, as they tend to give modern Critics an humbler opinion of their own abilities, and an higher of the Authors they undertake to criticize. On which account he concludes with a fine reproof of their use of that common proverb perpetually in the mouths of the Critics, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; misunderstanding the sense of Horace, and taking *quandoque* for *aliquando*:

“Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 “Nor is it *Homer nods*, but we that dream.”

VER. 181. *Still green with bays, etc.*] But now fired with the name of *Homer*, and transported with the contemplation of those beauties which a cold Critic can neither see nor conceive, the Poet [from ver. 180 to 201.] breaks out into a rapturous salutation of the rare felicity of those few Ancients who have risen superior over time and accidents: And disdaining, as it were, any

NOTES.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*] Οἷόν τι ποιεῖσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται καθὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων—
 —Dion. Hal. De struct. orat. P.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] “Mōdeste, et circumspēcto judicio de tantis viris pronūciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim.” Quint. P.

Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring! 186
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall found,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain Wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

COMMENTARY.

Longer to reason with his Critics, offers this as the fairest confutation of their censures. Then with the *humility* of a Suppliant at the shrine of Immortals, and the *sublimity* of a Poet participating of their fire, he turns again to these ancient worthies, and apostrophises their Manes;

"Hail, Bards triumphant!" etc.

VER. 200. *T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!*
 This line concludes the first division of the Poem; in which we see the *subject* of the first and second part, and likewise the connexion they have with one another. It serves likewise to introduce the second. The effect of studying the *Ancients*, as here re-

NOTE.

VER. 183. *Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all involving Age.*

The Poet here alludes to the four principal causes of the ravage amongst ancient writings: The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by fire; the fiercer rage of Zoilus, Maevius, and their followers, against Wit; the irruption of the Barbarians into the Empire; and the long reign of ignorance and superstition in the *Christian*.

II.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

COMMENTARY.

commended, would be the *admiration of their superior sense*; which, if it will not of itself dispose *Moderns* to a *diffidence of their own* (one of the great uses, as well as natural fruits of that study) our author, to help forward their modesty, in his second part shews them (in a regular deduction of the *causes and effects of wrong Judgment*) their own bright image and amiable turn of mind.

VER. 201. *Of all the causes, etc.*] Having, in the first part, delivered *Rules for perfecting the Art of Criticism*, the second is employed in explaining the *Impediments* to it. The order of the two parts was well adjusted. For the causes of wrong Judgment being *Pride, superficial Learning, a bounded Capacity, and Partiality*; They to whom this part is principally addressed, would not readily be brought either to see the malignity of the *causes*, or to own themselves concerned in the *effects*, had not the author previously both enlightened and convinced them, by the foregoing observations, on the *vastness of Art, and narrowness of Wit*; the extensive *study of human Nature and Antiquity*; and the *Characters of ancient Poetry and Criticism*; the natural remedies to the four epidemic disorders he is now endeavouring to redress.

Ibid. *Of all the causes, etc.*] The first cause of wrong Judgment is *PRIDE*. He judiciously begins with this, [from ver. 200 to 215.] as on other accounts. So on this, that it is the very thing which gives modern Criticism its character; whose complexion is *abuse and censure*. He calls it the vice of *Fools*, by which term is not meant, those to whom Nature has given no Judgment (for he is here speaking of what misleads the Judgment) but those to whom learning and study have given more erudition than taste; as appears from the happy similitude of an *ill-nourished body*; where the same words which express the *cause*, express likewise the *nature* of *PRIDE*:

"For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find

"What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind."

'Tis the business of Reason, he tells us, to dispell the *cloud* in which pride involves the mind: But the mischief is that the rays of reason, diverted by self-love, sometimes *gild this cloud*, instead of *dispelling* it. So that the Judgment, by false lights reflected back upon itself, is still apt to be a little dazzled, and to mistake its object. He therefore advises to call in still more helps:

"Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,

"Make use of ev'ry Friend—and ev'ry Foe."

Both the *beginning* and *conclusion* of this precept, are remarkable. The question is, of the means to subdue Pride: He directs the

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
She gives in large recruits of needful *Pride*;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing; 215
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

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Critic to begin with a *distrust of himself*; and this is *Modesty*, the first mortification of *Pride*: And then to seek the assistance of others, and *make use even of an Enemy*: and this is *Humility*, the last mortification of *Pride*: For when a man can once bring himself to submit to profit by an enemy, he has either already subdued his Vanity, or is in a fair way of so doing.

VER. 215. *A little learning, etc.*] We must here remark the Poet's skill in his disposition of the *causes* obstructing true Judgment. Each *general cause* which is laid down first, has its own *particular cause* in that which follows. Thus, the *second cause* of wrong Judgment, *SUPERFICIAL LEARNING*, is what occasions that critical *Pride*, which he places first.

VER. 216. *Drink deep, etc.*] *Nature and Learning* are the pole

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VER. 209. *Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence, And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.*]

A very sensible French writer makes the following remark on this species of *pride*. "Un homme qui sçait plusieurs Langues, qui entend les Auteurs Grecs et Latins, qui s'eleve même jusqu'à la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; si cet homme venoit à peser son véritable mérite, il trouveroit souvent qu'il se réduit, avoir eu des yeux et de la mémoire, il se garderoit bien de donner le nom respectable de science à une *erudition sans lumiere*. Il y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choses, entre alleguer des autoritez ou des raisons. Si un homme pouvoit se surprendre à n'avoir que cette sorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plutôt que d'en être vain."

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
 A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The Traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

COMMENTARY.

bars of all true Criticism: But *Pride* obstructs the view of Nature; and a *smattering of letters* makes us insensible of our ignorance. To avoid this ridiculous situation, the Poet [from ver. 214 to 233.] advises, either to drink deep, or not to drink at all; for the least sip at this fountain is enough to make a bad Critic, while even a moderate draught can never make a good one. And yet the labours and difficulties of *drinking deep* are so great that a young author, "Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy," and ambitious to snatch a palm from Rome, here engages in an undertaking like that of Hannibal: Finely illustrated by the similitude of an unexperienced traveller penetrating through the Alps.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] The third cause of wrong

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VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] "Diligenter legendum est ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scri-

Survey the **WHOLE**, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.

COMMENTARY.

Judgment is a **NARROW CAPACITY**; the natural cause of the foregoing defect, *acquiescence in superficial learning*. This bounded Capacity our Author shews [from 232 to 384.] betrays itself, two ways; in its judgment both of the *matter*, and the *manner* of the work criticised: Of the *matter*, in judging *by parts*, or in having one *favourite part* to a neglect of all the rest: Of the *manner*, in confining men's regard only to *conceit*, or *language*, or *numbers*. This is our Poet's order: and we shall follow him as it leads us; only just observing one general beauty which runs through this part of the poem; it is that under each of these heads of *wrong* Judgment, he has intermixed excellent precepts for the *right*. We shall take notice of them as they occur.

He exposes the folly of judging by parts very artfully, not by a direct description of that sort of Critic, but of his opposite, a *perfect Judge*, etc. It is observable that our Author makes it almost the necessary consequence of judging *by parts*, **TO FIND FAULT**: And this not without much discernment: For the several *parts* of a compleat *Whole*, when *seen only singly*, and *known only independently*, must always have the appearance of irregularity; often of deformity: because the Poet's design being to *create* a resultive beauty from the artful assemblage of several various *parts* into one natural *whole*; those parts must be fashioned with regard to their mutual relations in the stations they occupy in that *whole*, from

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"tanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex integro resu-
 mendus." Quint. P.

VER. 235. Survey the *Whole*, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;]
 The second line, in apologizing for those faults which the first says

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 ('The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!')
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

COMMENTARY.

whence, the beauty required is to arise: But that *regard* will occasion so unreducible a form in each part, when *considered singly*, as to present a very mis-shapen Form.

NOTES.

should be overlooked, gives the reason of the precept. For when a great writer's attention is fixed on a general view of Nature, and his imagination become warm'd with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be, but that there must be small irregularities in the disposition both of matter and style, because the avoiding these requires a coolness of recollection, which a writer so qualified and so busied is not master of.

VER. 248. *The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!* The *Pantheon*, I would suppose; perhaps *St. Peter's*; no matter which; the observation is true of both. There is something very Gothic in the taste and judgment of a learned man, who despises this master-piece of Art, the *Pantheon*, for those very qualities which deserve our admiration. — "Nous esmerveillons comme l'on fait si grand cas de ce Pantheon, veu queson edifice n'est de si grande industrie comme l'on crie: car chaque petit Masson peut bien concevoir la maniere de se façon tout en un instant: car étant la base si massive, et les murailles si espaisées, ne nous a semblé difficile d'y adjouster la voute à claire voye." *Pierre Belon's Observations, etc.* The nature of the Gothic structures apparently led him into this mistake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it consists in raising the greatest weight on the least assignable support, so that the edifice should have strength without the appearance of it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye such a building would have a contrary effect, the *Appearance* (as our poet expresses it) of a *monstrous height, or breadth, or length*. Indeed did the just proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of a building, by *all the single parts coming united to the eye*, as this learned traveller seems to insinuate, it would be a reasonable objection to those rules on which this Master-piece of Art was constructed. But it is not so. The Poet tells us truly,

"The Whole at once is bold and regular."

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit: 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,*] He shews next [from ver. 252 to 263.] that to fix our censure on *single parts*, though they happen to *want* an exactness consistent enough with their relation to the rest, is even then very unjust: And for these reasons, 1. Because it implies an expectation of a *faultless piece*, which is a vain fancy. 2. Because no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly *attains its end*: But the end may be attained, and yet these trivial faults committed: Therefore, in spite of such faults, the work will merit that praise that is due to every thing which attains its end. 3. Because sometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemish to be avoided, but by suffering one of these minute and trivial errors. 4. And lastly, because the general *neglect* of them is a *praise*; as it is the indication of a *Genius*, attentive to greater matters.

VER. 263. *Most Critics, fond of some subservient art, etc.*] II. The *second* way in which a *narrow capacity*, as it relates to the *matter*, shews itself, is judging by a *favourite Part*. The author has placed this [from ver. 262 to 285.] after the other of judging *by parts*, with great propriety, it being indeed a natural consequence of it. For when men have once left the *whole* to turn their attention to the *separate parts*, that regard and reverence due only to a *whole* is fondly transferred to one or other of its *parts*. And thus we see, that Heroes themselves as well as Hero-makers, even Kings as well as Poets and Critics, when they chance never to have had, or long to have lost the idea of that which is the only legitimate object of their office, the care and conservationn of the *whole*, are wont to devote themselves to the service of some favourite part, whether it be love of money, military glory, despotic power, etc. *And all*, as our Author says on this occasion,

"to one lov'd Folly sacrifice."

They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

C O M M E N T A R Y.

This general misconduct much recommends that maxim in good Poetry and Politics, to give a principal attention to the whole; a maxim which our author has elsewhere shewn to be equally true likewise in *Morals* and *Religion*; as being founded in the order of things: For if we examine, we shall find the misconduct here complained of, to arise from this imbecility of our nature, that the mind must always have something to rest upon, to which the passions and affections may be interestingly directed. Nature prompts us to seek it in the most worthy object; and Reason points out to a *Whole* or *System*: But the false lights which the Passions hold out, confound and dazzle us; we stop short; and, before we get to a *Whole*, take up with some *Part*; which thenceforth becomes our Favourite.

N O T E S.

VER. 267. *Once on a time, etc.*] This tale is so very apposite, that one would naturally take it to be of the Poet's own invention; and yet so much in the spirit of *Cervantes*, that we might easily mistake it for one of the chief beauties of that incomparable Satire. Yet, in truth, it is neither; but a story taken by our Author from the *spurious Don Quixote*; which shews how proper an use a Genius may make of general reading, when if there be but one good thing in a book (as in that wretched performance there scarce is more) it may be picked out, and employed to an excellent purpose.

"Not so, by Heav'n!" (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
 "stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new one, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice, 285
 Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,*
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short Ideas, etc.]

2. He concludes his observations on those two sorts of Judges by parts, with this general reflection—The *curious not knowing* are the first sort, who judge by parts, and with a microscopic sight (as he says elsewhere) *examine bit by bit*: The *not exact but nice*, are the second, who judge by a favourite part, and talk of a whole to cover their fondness for a part; as Philosophers do of principles, in order to obtrude notions and opinions in their stead. But the fate common to both is, to be governed by *caprice* and not by *judgment*; and consequently to *form short ideas*, or to have ideas short of truth: Tho' the latter sort, through a fondness to their favourite part, imagine that it comprehends the whole in epitome: As the famous Hero of *La Mancha*, mentioned just before, used to maintain, that *Knight Errantry* comprised within itself the quintessence of all Science, civil, military, and religious.

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VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,*
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,]

In these two lines the poet finely describes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true *judgment* generally draws men out of popular opinions; so he who cannot get from the croud by the assistance of this Guide, willingly follows *Caprice*, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again, true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory: and this makes the PHILOSOPHER. But *Curiosity* consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and which, for its inutility, the world least regards: and this makes the ANTIQUARIAN. Lastly, *Exactness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmony in a whole: But he who has not extent of capacity for the exercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety*, which is a busying one's self about points and syllables: and this makes the GRAMMARIAN.

Form short Ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover every part, 295

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 289. *Some to Conceit alone, etc.*] We come now to that second sort of *bounded capacity*, which betrays itself in its judgment on the *manner* of the work criticised. And this our Author prosecutes from ver. 288 to 384. These are again subdivided into divers classes.

Ibid. *Some to Conceit alone, etc.*] The first [from ver. 288 to 305.] are those who confine their attention solely to *Conceit* or *Wit*.

NOTES.

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined *Wit* to consist "in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." But that great Philosopher, in separating *Wit* from *Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of *Wit* in general: In which false *Wit*, though not every species of it, is included. A *striking Image* therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke observes, certainly *Wit*: But this *image* may strike on several other accounts, as well as for its *truth* and *beauty*; and the Philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit*, which is the ornament of true Poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it dresses that Nature to advantage, and pre-

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care expresses, 305
And value books, as women men, for dress :

COMMENTARY.

And here again the Critic *by parts*, offends *doubly* in the *manner*, just as he did in the *matter* : For he not only confines his attention to a *part*, when it should be extended to the *whole* ; but he likewise judges *falsely* of that *part*. And this, as the other, is unavoidable ; the *parts* in the *manner* bearing the same close relation to the *whole*, that the *parts* in the *matter* do ; to which *whole*, the ideas of this Critic have never yet extended. Hence it is, that our Author, speaking here of those who confine their attention solely to *Conceit* or *Wit*, describes the distinct species of *true* and *false* Wit : because they not only mistake a *wrong disposition of true Wit for a right*, but likewise *false Wit for true* : He describes false Wit first, [from ver. 288 to 297.]

"Some to Conceit alone," etc.

Where the reader may observe our Author's address in representing, in a description of *false* Wit, the false disposition of the *true* ; as the Critic *by parts* is apt to fall into both these errors.

He next describes *true Wit*, [from ver. 296 to 303.]

"True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd," etc.

And here again the reader may observe the same beauty ; not only an explanation of *true Wit*, but likewise of the *right disposition* of it, which the Poet illustrates, as he did the *wrong*, by ideas taken from the art of Painting ; in the theory of which he was exquisitely skilled.

VER. 305. *Others for Language, etc.*] He proceeds secondly to those contracted Critics, whose whole concern turns upon *Language*, and shews [from ver. 304 to 337.] that this quality, where it holds the principal place in a work, *deserves no commendation* ; 1. Because it excludes qualities more essential. And when the abounding Verbiage has choked and suffocated the sense, the writer

NOTES.

sents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the poet subjoins this admirable Test, *viz.* When we perceive that it *gives us back the image of our mind*. When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us : For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment* ; and whenever *Wit* corresponds with *Judgment*, we may safely pronounce it to be *true*. "Naturum intueamur, hanc sequamur : id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt." *Quint. lib. viii. c. 3.*

Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, 315 }
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;

COMMENTARY.

will be obliged to varnish over the mischief with all the false colouring of eloquence. 2. Secondly, because the Critic who busies himself with this quality alone, is *unable to make a right judgment* of it; because *true Expression* is only the dress of Thought; and so must be perpetually varied according to the subject, and manner of treating it. But those who never concern themselves with the *Sense*, can form no judgment of the correspondence between *that* and the *Language*.

“Expression is the dress of thought, and still

“Appears more decent, as more suitable.” etc.

Now as these Critics are ignorant of this correspondence, their whole judgment in Language is reduced to verbal criticism on the examination of *single words*; and generally those which are most to his taste, are (for an obvious reason) such as smack most of Antiquity: On which account our author has bestowed a little raillery upon it; concluding with a short and proper direction concerning the *use of words*, so far as regards their *novelty* and *ancientry*.

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VER. 311. *False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, etc.*] This simile is beautiful. For the false colouring, given to objects by the prismatic glass, is owing to its untwisting, by its *obliquities*, those threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to spread over its works an ingenious and simple *candour*, that should not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *false Eloquence* is nothing else but the straining and *divaricating* the parts of *true expression*; and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term *colours*; in lieu of that candid light, now lost, which was reflected from them in their natural state while sincere and entire.

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress :
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense; 325
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330 }
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets dress.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old :
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :

COMMENTARY.

VER. 337. *But most by Numbers judge, etc.*] The last sort are those [from ver. 336 to 384.] whose ears are attached only to the

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VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] "Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiae cujusdam est, et frivola in parvis jactantiae." *Quint. lib. i. c. 6.* P.

"Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova." *Idem.* P.

VER. 328. —*unlucky, as Fungosa, etc.*] See Ben Johnson's *Every Man out of his Humour.* P.

VER. 337. *But most by numbers, etc.*]

"Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli.

"Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per laeve severos

"Effusdat junctura ungues: scit tendere versum

"Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno." *Perf. Sat. i. P.*

In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church-repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :

COMMENTARY.

Harmony of a poem. Of which they judge as ignorantly and as perversely as the other sort did of the Eloquence, and for the same reason. Our Author *first* describes that *false Harmony* with which they are so much captivated ; and shews that it is wretchedly *flat* and *unvaried* : for

“ Smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.”

He then describes the *true*. 1. As it is in *itself*, *constant* ; with a happy mixture of *strength* and *sweetness*, in contradiction to the *roughness* and *flatness* of false Harmony : And 2. as it is *varied* in compliance to the *subject*, where the *sound becomes an echo to the sense*, so far as is consistent with the preservation of numbers ; in contradiction to the *monotony* of false Harmony : Of this he gives us, in the delivery of his precepts, four beautiful examples of *smoothness*, *roughness*, *slowness*, and *rapidity*. The *first* use of this correspondence of the *sound* to the *sense*, is to aid the fancy in acquiring a perfecter and more lively image of the thing represented. A *second* and nobler, is to calm and subdue the turbulent and selfish passions, and to raise and warm the beneficent : Which he illustrates in the famous adventure of *Timotheus* and *Alexander* : where, in referring to Mr. Dryden's Ode on that subject, he turns it to a high compliment on his favourite Poet.

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VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] “ Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quae vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt.” Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join ;*
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :] From Dryden. “ He creeps along with ten little words in every line, “ and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and all the “ pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left half-tired “ behind it.” *Essay on Dram. Poetry.*

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"
 If chrystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought; 255
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 363

NOTES.

VER. 364. *'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:]* The judicious introduction of this precept is remarkable. The Poets, and even some of the best of them, have been so fond of the beauty arising from this trivial observance, that their practice has violated the very *End* of the precept, which is the increase of *harmony*; and so they could but raise an *Echo*, did not care whose ears they offended by its dissonance. To remedy this abuse therefore, our Poet, by the introductory line, would insinuate, that *Harmony* is always to be presupposed, as observed; tho' it may and ought to be perpetually varied, so as to produce the effect here recommended.

VER. 365. *The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:]* Lord Roscommon says,

"The sound is still a *Comment* to the sense."

They are both well expressed, altho' so differently; for L. R. is shewing how the sense is assisted by the sound; Mr. P. how the sound is assisted by the sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385

C O M M E N T A R Y.

VER. 384. *Avoid Extremes, etc.*] Our Author is now come to the *last cause of wrong Judgment*, PARTIALITY; the parent of the immediately preceding cause, a *bounded capacity*: nothing so much narrowing and contracting the mind as *prejudices* entertain-

N O T E S.

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, etc.*] See Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr. Dryden. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, etc.*]

"Tum si laeta canunt," etc. *Vida, Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.*

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, etc.*]

"Tum longe sale saxa sonant," etc. *Vida, ib. 388.*

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, etc.*]

"Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno," etc.

Vid. ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, etc.*]

"At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo," etc.

Vid. ib. 420.

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' misis descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize; 395
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;

COMMENTARY.

ed for or against things or persons. This therefore, as the main root of all the foregoing, he prosecutes at large [from ver. 383 to 474.] First, to ver. 394. he *previously* exposes that capricious turn of Mind, which, by running into *Extremes*, either of praise or dispraise, lays the *foundation* of an *habitual partiality*. He cautions therefore both against one and the other; and with reason; for excess of *Praise* is the mark of a bad taste; and excess of *Censure*, of a bad digestion.

VER. 394. *Some foreign writers, etc.*] Having explained the disposition of mind which produces an *habitual partiality*, he proceeds to expose this *partiality* in all the shapes in which it appears both amongst the *unlearned* and the *learned*.

I. In the *unlearned*, it is seen, *first*, In an unreasonable fondness for, or aversion to, our *own* or *foreign*, to *ancient* or *modern* writers. And as it is the *mob* of unlearned readers he is here speaking of, he exposes their folly in a very apposite similitude:

"Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd

"To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside."

But he shews [from ver. 396 to 408.] that these Critics have as wrong notions of *Reason* as those Bigots have of *God*: for that Genius is not confined to times or climates; but, as the common gift of Nature, is extended throughout all ages and countries: that indeed this intellectual light, like the material light of the Sun, may not shine at all times, and in every place, with equal

Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own;
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality. 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some star'd hackney sonneteer, or me?

COMMENTARY

splendour; but be sometimes *clouded* with popular ignorance; and sometimes again *eclipsed* by the discountenance of the Great; yet it shall still recover itself; and, by breaking through the strongest of these impediments, manifest the eternity of its nature.

VER. 408. *Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,*] A second instance of *unlearned partiality*, is, (as he shews from ver. 407 to 424.) men's going always along with the *cry*, as having no fixed nor well grounded principles whereon to raise any judgment of their own. A *third* is reverence for *names*; of which sort, as he well observes, the worst and vilest are the idolizers of *names of quality*; whom therefore he stigmatizes as they deserve. Our Author's temper as well as judgment is here seen, in throwing this species of partiality amongst the *unlearned* Critics: His affection for letters would not suffer him to conceive, that any *learned* Critic could ever fall into so low a prostitution.

NOTES.

VER. 402. *Which from the first, etc.*] *Genius* is the same in all ages; but its fruits are various; and more or less excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of Government or Religion upon them. Hence in some parts of Literature the Ancients excell; in others, the moderns; just as those accidental circumstances occurred.

But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being singular;

420

425

COMMENTARY.

VER. 424. *The Vulgar thus—As oft the Learn'd—*] II. He comes in the *second place* [from ver. 423 to 452.] to consider the Instances of *partiality* in the *learned*. 1. The *first* is *Singularity*. For, as want of principles, in the *unlearned*, necessitates them to rest on the common judgment, as always right: so adherence to false principles (that is, to *notions of their own*) mislead the *learned* into the other extreme of supposing the common judgment always wrong. And as, before, our Author compared those to *Bigots*, who made true faith to consist in believing after others; so he compares these to *Schismatics*, who make it to consist in believing as no one ever believed before. Which folly he marks with a lively stroke of humour in the turn of the thought:

“So Schismatics the plain believers quit,

“And are but damn'd for having too much wit.”

2. The *second* is *Novelty*. And as this proceeds sometimes from *fondness*, sometimes from *vanity*; he compares the one to the *passion for a mistress*; and the other, to the *pride of being in fashion*: But the excuse common to both is, the daily improvement of their judgment:

“Ask them the cause, they're wiser still, they say;

“And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.”

Now as this is a plausible pretence for their inconstancy; and our Author has himself afterwards approved of it, as a remedy against obstinacy and pride, where he says, ver. 573.

“But you with pleasure own your errors past,

“And make each day a Critique on the last,

he has been careful, by the turn of the expression in this place, to shew the difference between the pretence and the remedy. For *Time*, considered only as *duration*, vitiates as frequently as it improves: Therefore to expect wisdom as the necessary attendant of length of days, unrelated to *long experience*, is vain and delusive. This he illustrates by a remarkable example; where we see *Time*, instead of becoming wiser, destroying good letters, to substitute school divinity in their place—The genius of which kind of learning; the character of its professors; and the fate, which, sooner or later, always attends whatsoever is wrong or false, the poet sums up in those four lines;

“Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,” etc.

So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night ; 430
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools ; so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ; 440
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read :
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445

COMMENTARY.

And in conclusion, he observes, that perhaps this mischief from love of *novelty*, might not be so great, did it not, along with the *Critic*, infect the *Writer* likewise ; who, when he finds his readers disposed to take ready Wit on the standard of current Folly, never troubles himself to think of better payment.

NOTES.

VER. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from *Johannes Duns Scotus*. Erasmus tells us, an eminent *Scotist* assured him, that it was impossible to understand one single proposition of this famous Duns, unless you had his whole metaphysics by heart. This Hero of incomprehensible fame suffered a miserable reverse at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave Antiquary, Mr. Antony Wood (in the *Vindication of himself and his writings from the reproaches of the Bishop of Salisbury*) sadly laments the deformation, as he calls it, of that University by the King's Commissioners ; and even records the blasphemous speeches of one of them, in his own words — " We have set DUNCE in Boccardo, with all his blind Glossars, fast nailed up upon posts in all common houses of easement."

If Faith itself has diff'rent drestes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming Clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,
No more with cramo entertain the stage.

NOTES.

Upon which our venerable antiquary thus exclaims: "If so be, the Commissioners had such disrespect for that most famous Author, J. Duns, who was so much admired by our predecessors, and so DIFFICULT TO BE UNDERSTOOD, that the Doctors of those times, namely Dr. William Roper, Dr. John Kinton, Dr. William Mowse, etc. professed, that, in twenty-eight years study, they could not understand him rightly, what then had they for others of inferior note?"—What indeed! But then, *If so be, that most famous J. Duns* was so difficult to be understood (for that this is a most theologic proof of his great worth, is past all doubt) I should conceive, our good old Antiquary to be a little mistaken. And that the nailing up this Proteus of the Schools was done by the Commissioners in honour of *the most famous Duns*: There being no other way of catching the sense of so slippery and dodging an Author, who had eluded the pursuit of three of their most renowned Doctors in full cry after him, for eight and twenty years together. And this *Boccardo* in which he was confined, seemed very fit for the purpose; it being observed, that men are never more serious and thoughtful than in that place of retirement.

SCRIBL.

This *most famous Duns*, honoured with the title of *Doctor subtilis*, was still more honoured by the claim of three Kingdoms (which was much more than seven Cities) contending for his birth. But his character would incline one to think that those are nearest the mark who give it to Ireland, and say that he was born at Downe in Ulster. A nation, at that time so celebrated for the *subtilty* of its Wit, that it was distinguished from the rest of Europe by this very attribute—"Gens ratione furens et mentem pasta Chimaeris." But what will not Time bring to pass! The Aborigines are now said to be as famous for their blunders. Nor let this seem incredible: for if we consider that a *blunder* is nothing but the sediment of a *subtilty*, or a refinement drawn to the lees, we shall easily account for this odd revolution in the intellectual habit of minds, under an old surfeit contracted by the indigestible diet of *chimaeras*.

VER. 444. *Thomists*,] From *Thomas Aquinas*, a truly great Genius, who, in those blind ages, was the same in Theology that our Friar Bacon was in natural Philosophy: less happy than our countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark Glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished

Of't, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:

V A R I A T I O N S.

Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

C O M M E N T A R Y.

VER. 452. *Some valuing those of their own side or mind, etc.*
 2. The *third* and last instance of *partiality* in the *learned*, is *Party*
 and *Faction*. Which is considered from ver. 451 to 474. where he

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the radiance of that light, which had pierced through the thickest
 night of Monckery, the thirteenth century, when the *Waldenses*
 were suppressed, and *Wickliffe* not yet risen.

VER. 445. *Amidst their kindred cobwebs*] Were common sense
 disposed to credit any of the monkish Miracles of the dark and
 blind ages of the Church, it would certainly be one of the VIIth
 century recorded by honest *Bale*. "In the sixth general council
 " (says he) holden at Constantinople, Anno Dom. 680, contra
 " Monothelitas, where the Latin Mass was first approved, and
 " the Latin Ministers deprived of their lawful Wives, SPIDERS
 " WEBBS, in wonderful Copeys were seen falling down from a-
 " bove, UPON THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, to the marvelous
 " astonishment of many."—The justest emblem and prototype of
 SCHOOL METAPHYSICS, the Divinity of *Scotists* and *Thomists*,
 which afterwards fell, in *wonderful Copeys on the heads of the people*,
 in support of TRANSUBSTANTIATION, to the marvelous astonish-
 ment of many, as it continues to do to this day.

Ibid. Duck-lane.] A place where old and second-hand books were
 sold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

VER. 450. *And authors think their reputation safe;*
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.]

This is an admirable satire on those called *Authors in fashion*; the
 men who get the laugh on their side. He shews, on how pitiful
 a basis their reputation stands, the changeling disposition of fools to
 laugh, who are always carried away with the last joke.

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

COMMENTARY.

shews how men of this turn deceive themselves, when they load a writer of their own side with commendation. They fancy they are paying tribute to *merit*, when they are only sacrificing to *self-love*. But this is not the worst. He further shews, that this *party-spirit* has often very ill effects on Science itself; while, in support of *Faction*, it labours to depress some rising Genius, that was, perhaps, raised by Nature, to enlighten his age and country. By which he would insinuate, that all the baser and viler passions seek refuge, and find support, in *party-madness*.

NOTES.

VER. 463. *Milbourn*—] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis served Mr. Pope in the same office. But these Men are of all times, and rise up on all occasions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Ross; Chillingworth had Cheynel; Milton a first *Edwards*; and Locke a second; neither of them related to the third *Edwards* of Lincoln's-Inn. They were Divines of parts and learning; This a Critic without one or the other. Yet (as Mr. Pope says of Luke Milbourn) *the fairest of all critics*; for having written against the Editor's remarks on Shakespear, *he did him justice in printing, at the same time, some of his own*.

VER. 468. *For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, etc.*] This similitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not seek abroad for examples. It is this, that frequently those very Authors, who have at first done all they could to obscure and de-

When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475

C O M M E N T A R Y.

VER. 474. *Be thou the first, etc.*] The poet having now gone through the last cause of *wrong Judgment*, and root of all the rest, PARTIALITY; and ended his remarks upon it with a detection of the two rankest kinds, those which arise out of PARTY-RAGE and ENVY; takes the occasion, which this affords him, of closing his *second division* in the most graceful manner, [from ver. 473 to 560.] by concluding from the premises, and calling upon the TRUE CRITIC to be careful of his *charge*, which is the *protection* and *support of Wit*. For, the defence of it from malevolent censure is its true protection; and the illustration of its beauties, is its true support.

He first shews, the Critic ought to do this service without loss of time: And on these motives. 1. *Out of regard to himself*: For there is some merit in giving the world notice of an excellence; but little or none, in pointing, like an *Index*, to the beaten road of admiration. 2. *Out of regard to the Poem*: For the short duration of modern works requires, that they should begin to live betimes. He compares the life of *modern Wit*, (which, in a changeable dialect, must soon pass away) and that of the *ancient*, (which survives in an universal language) to the difference between the Patriarchal age and our own: And observes, that while the ancient writings live for ever as it were, in *brass* and *marble*, the modern are but like *Paintings*, which, of how masterly a hand soever, have no sooner gained their requisite perfection by the softening, and ripening of their tints, which they do in a very few years, but they begin to fade and die away. 3. Lastly, our Au-

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press a rising Genius, have at length been reduced to borrow from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his splendour; merely to keep themselves in some little credit. Nor hath the Poet been less artful, to insinuate also what is sometimes the *cause*. A youthful Genius, like the Sun rising towards the Meridian, displays *too strong and powerful beams* for the dirty temper of inferior writers, which occasions their *gathering, condensing, and blackening*. But as he descends from the Meridian (the time when the Sun gives its *gilding* to the surrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign, and then

“———ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,

“Reflect new glories, and augment the day.”

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
 And each bold figure just begins to live,

COMMENTARY.

thor shews, that the Critic ought, in justice, to do this service *out of regard to the Poet*, when he considers the slender dowry the Muse brings along with her: In youth 'tis only a vain and short-liv'd pleasure; and in maturer years, an accession of care and labour, in proportion to the weight of Reputation to be sustained, and of the increase of Envy to be opposed: And therefore concludes his reasoning on this head, with that pathetic and insinuating address to the Critic, from ver. 508 to 526.

"Ah! let not learning," etc.

NOTES.

VER. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, etc.*] This similitude from painting, in which our Author discovers (as he always does on that subject) real Science, has still a more peculiar beauty, as at the same time that it confesses the just superiority of *ancient* writings, it insinuates one advantage the *modern* have above them; which is this, that in these latter, our more intimate acquaintance with the *occasion of writing*, and with the *manners described*, lets us into those living and striking graces which may be well compared to that perfection of imitation given only by the pencil. While the ravages of Time, amongst the monuments of former ages, have left us but the gross substance of ancient wit; so much only of the form and fashion of bodies as may be expressed in brass or marble.

The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings, 495
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ? 500
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards, who could excell, 510
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!

NOTES.

VER. 507. —*by knaves undone!*] By which the Poet would insinuate, a common but shameful truth, That Men in power, if they got into it by illiberal arts, generally lost Wit and Science to starve.

Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err, is human, to forgive, divine. 525
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 526. *But if in noble minds some dregs remain, etc.*] So far as to what ought to be the *true Critic's* principal study and employment. But if the sour critical humour abounds and must therefore needs have vent, he directs to its proper object; and shews [from ver. 525 to 556.] how it may be innocently and usefully pointed. This is very observable; our author had made *spleen* and *disdain* the characteristic of the false Critic, and yet here supposes them inherent in the *true*. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of Nature. For as bitterness and astringency in unripe fruits of the best kind are the foundation and capacity of that high spirit, race, and flavour which we find in them when perfectly concocted by the warmth and influence of the sun, and which, without those qualities, would gain no more by that influence than only a mellow insipidity: so spleen and disdain in the true Critic, when improved by long study and experience, ripen into an exactness of Judgment and an elegance of Taste: altho', in the false Critic, lying remote from the influence of good letters, they remain in all their first offensive harshness and acerbity. The Poet therefore shews how, after the exaltation of these qualities into their state of perfection, the very *Dregs* (which, tho' precipitated, may possibly, on some occasions, rise and ferment even in a *noble mind*) may be usefully employed, that is to say, in branding *Obscenity* and *Impiety*. Of these, he explains the rise and progress, in a beautiful picture of the different genius's of the two reigns of *Charles II.* and *William III.* The former of which gave course to the most *profligate luxury*; the latter to a *licentious impiety*. These are the crimes our Author assigns over to the caustic hand of the Critic; but concludes however, [from ver. 555 to 560.] with this necessary admonition, to take care not to be misled into unjust censure; either on the one hand, by a pharisaical *niceness*, or on the other, by a *self-consciousness* of guilt. And thus the *second division* of his Essay ends: The judicious conduct of which is worthy our observation. The subject of it are the *causes of wrong judgment*: These he derives upwards from *cause* to *cause*, till he brings them to their source, an *immoral partiality*: For as he had, in the first part,

"trac'd the Muses upward to their Spring,"

and shewn them to be derived from Heav'n, and the Offspring of

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
 crease :

When love was all an easy Monarch's care ; 536
 Seldom at council, never in a war :
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit :
 The Fair fat panting at a Courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away :
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ; 545

C O M M E N T A R Y .

Virtue; so hath he *here* pursued this enemy of the *Muses*, the BAD CRITIC, to his low original, in the arms of his nursing mother *Immorality*. This order naturally *introduces*, and at the same time shews the *necessity* of, the subject of the third and last division, which is, on the *Morals of the Critic*.

N O T E S .

VER. 545. *Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;*] The seeds of this religious evil, as well as of the political good from whence it sprung (for good and evil are incessantly springing out of one another) were sown in the preceding *fat age of pleasure*. The mischiefs done during Cromwell's usurpation, by fanaticism, inflamed by erroneous and absurd notions of the doctrine of *grace* and *satisfaction*, made the loyal *Latitudinarian* divines (as they were called) at the Restoration, go so far into the other extreme of resolving all Christianity into *Morality*, as to afford an easy introduction to *Socinianism*: Which in that reign (founded on the principles of Liberty) men had full opportunity of propagating.

Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage! 555
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know. 561

COMMENTARY.

VER. 560. *Learn then, etc.*] We enter now on the *third part*, the MORALS of the Critic; included in CANDOUR, MODESTY, and GOOD-BREEDING. This third and last part is in two divisions. In the *first* of which [from ver. 559 to 631.] our author inculcates these *moral*s by *precept*: In the *second* [from ver. 630 to the end] by *example*. His *first* precept [from ver. 561 to 566.] recommends CANDOUR, for its *use to the Critic*, and to the *writer criticised*.

2. The *second* [from ver. 565 to 572.] recommends MODESTY, which manifests itself in these four *signs*; 1. Silence where it doubts,

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;

2. A seeming diffidence where it knows,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence;

3. A free confession of error where wrong,
But you with pleasure own your errors past;

NOTES.

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever. P.

VER. 561. *For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.*] The Critic acts in two capacities, of *Assessor* and of *Judge*: in the first, science alone is sufficient; but the other requires *moral*s likewise.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
And make each day a Critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

COMMENTARY.

4. And a constant review and scrutiny even of those opinions which it still thinks right,

And make each day a Critique on the last.

3. The *third* [from ver. 571 to 584.] recommends GOOD-BREEDING, which will not force truth dogmatically upon men, as ignorant of it, but gently insinuates it to them, as not sufficiently attentive to it. But as *men of breeding* are apt to fall into two extremes, he prudently cautions against them. The one is a *backwardness in communicating* their knowledge out of a false delicacy, and for fear of being thought Pedants: The other, and much more common extreme, is a *mean complaisance*, which those who are worthy of your advice do not need, to make it acceptable; for such can best bear reproof in particular points, who best deserve commendation in general.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain:
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?

COMMENTARY.

VER. 584. *'Twere well might Critics, etc.*] The Poet having thus recommended, in his *general rules of Conduct* for the JUDGMENT, these *three critical Virtues* to the HEART; shews next [from ver. 583 to 631.] upon what three sorts of Writers, these virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away; and which is worse, be repaid with obloquy and scorn. These are the *false Critic*, the *dull Man of Quality*, and the *bad Poet*, each of which species of *incorrigible* writers he hath very exactly painted. But having drawn the last of them at full length, and being always attentive to the two main branches of his subject, which is, *of writing and judging well*, he re-assumes the character of the *bad Critic* (whom he had touched upon before) to contrast him with the other; and makes the *Characteristic* common to both, to be a never-ceasing *Repetition* of their own impertinence.

The Poet—still runs on in a raging vein, etc. ver. 606, etc.

The Critic—with his own tongue still edifies his ears, 614, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 586. *And stares, tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken to himself by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a Compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *Abuse* of his *Person*. P.

Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep, 600
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true, 610
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too,
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears. 615
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend, 620
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
 yard:

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat and strive to fly:
 These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
 To treat of Unities of time and place.

N O T E S.

VER. 619. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevail'd; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. P.

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes; }
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, irresistible, with a thund'ring tide. 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;

C O M M E N T A R Y.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, etc.*] II. The second division of this last part, which we now come to, is of the Morals of Criticism, by *example*. For, having in the first, drawn a picture of the *false Critic*, at large, he breaks out into an apostrophe, containing an exact and finished character of the *true*; which, at the same time, serves for an easy and proper introduction to *this second division*. For having asked [from ver. 630 to 643.] *Where's the man, etc.* he answers [from ver. 642 to 681.] That he was to be found in the happier ages of *Greece and Rome*; in the Characters of *Aristotle and Horace, Dionysius and Petronius, Quintilian and Longinus*. Whose several excellencies he has not only well distinguished, but has contrasted them with a peculiar elegance: the profound science and logical method of Aristotle is oppos'd to the plain common sense of Horace, conveyed in a natural and familiar negligence: the study and refinement of Dionysius, to the gay and courtly ease of Petronius: and the gravity and minuteness of Quintilian to the vivacity and general topics of Longinus. Nor has the Poet been less careful, in these examples, to point out their eminence in the several *critical Virtues* he so carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus in Horace he particularizes his Candour; in Petronius his Good-Breeding; in Quintilian his free and copious Instruction; and in Longinus his great and noble Spirit.

N O T E S.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, etc.*] The Poet, by his manner of asking after this Character, and telling us, when he had described it, that *such once were Critics*, does not encourage us to search for it amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him if it could be made, would be but an invidious affair. However I will venture to name the piece of Criticism in which all these marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejusd. Ep. ad Aug. with an English Commentary and Notes.*

Tho' learn'd, well-bred ; and tho' well-bred, sincere ;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe : 636

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?

Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd ;
A knowledge both of books and human kind ; 640
Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were Critics ; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Maconian Star.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650

Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,

Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649. I have found the following lines,
since suppress'd by the author :

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,
Led by the Light of the Maconian Star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more :
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 642. *With REASON on his side, etc.*] Not only on his side, but in actual Employment. The Critic makes but a mean figure, who when he has found out the beauties of his author, contents himself with shewing them to the world in only empty exclamations. His office is to explain their nature, shew from whence they arise, and what effects they produce ; or in the better and fuller expression of the Poet,

“ To teach the world with REASON to admire.”

VER. 652. *Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.*] By this we must not understand *physical* Nature, but *moral*. The

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method, talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
 See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine 665
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
 In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd: 670
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.
 Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.

NOTES.

force of the observation consists in giving it this sense. The Poet not only uses the word *Nature* for *human Nature*, throughout this poem; but also, where, in the beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticism* and *Poetry*. Nor is the observation less true than apposite. For, *Aristotle's natural enquiries* were superficial, and ill-made, tho' extensive: But his *logical* and *moral* works are supremely excellent. In his *moral*, he has unfolded the human mind, and has laid open all the recesses of the heart and understanding; and in his *logical*, he has not only conquered *Nature*, but, by his *Categories*, has kept her in *tenfold Chains*; not as Dulness kept the Muses, in the Dunciad, to silence them; but as Aristaeus held Proteus in Virgil, to deliver Oracles.

VER. 665. See Dionysius] Of Halicarnassus. P.

An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom, 685
 And the same age saw Learning fall and Rome.
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good; 690
 A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

V A R I A T I O N S.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the author omitted these two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,

When none but Saints had license to be proud. P.

C O M M E N T A R Y.

VER. 681. *Thus long succeeding Critics, etc.*] The next period in which the true Critic (he tells us) appeared, was at the revival and restoration of letters in the West. This occasions his giving a short history [from ver. 682 to 709.] of the decline and re-establishment of arts and sciences in Italy. He shews that they both fell under the same enemy, *despotic power*; and that when both had made some little efforts to recover themselves, they were soon again overwhelmed by a *second deluge* of another kind, namely, *Superstition*; and a calm of Dulness finished upon Rome and Letters what the rage of Barbarism had begun:

"A *second deluge* learning thus o'er-run,

"And the *Monk* finish'd what the *Goth* begun."

When things had long remained in this condition, and all hopes of recovery now seemed desperate, it was a CRITIC, our Author shews us, for the honour of the *Art* he here teaches, who at length broke the charm of Dulness, who dissipated the enchantment, and, like another Hercules, drove those cowl'd and *hooded serpents* from the Hesperian tree of knowledge, which they had so long guarded from human approach.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head. 700
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 697. *But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days.*] This presents us with the *second period* in which the *true Critic* appeared; of whom he has given us a complete idea in the single example of Marcus Hieronymus Vida: For his subject being poetical Criticism, for the use principally of a critical Poet; his example is an eminent poetical Critic, who had written of the art of Poetry in verse.

NOTES.

VER. 693. *At length Erasmus, etc.*] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this example; or more happy than the turn of the compliment. To throw glory quite round the Character of this admirable Person, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his assistance chiefly, that *Leo* was enabled to restore letters and the fine arts in his Pontificate.

VER. 694. *The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!*] Our author elsewhere lets us know what he esteems to be the *glory of the Priesthood* as well as of a Christian in general, where, comparing himself to *Erasmus*, he says,

"In MODERATION placing all my glory,"

and consequently what he regards as the *shame* of it: The whole of this character belonged eminently and almost solely to *Erasmus*: For the other Reformers, such as *Luther*, *Calvin*, and their followers, understood so little in what true Christian Liberty consisted, that they carried with them, into the reformed Churches, that very spirit of *persecution*, which had driven them from the church of Rome.

VER. 696. *And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.*] In this attack on the *established ignorance* of the times, Erasmus succeeded so well, as to bring good Letters into fashion: to which he gave new splendor, by preparing for the press corrected editions of many of the best ancient writers, both ecclesiastical and prophane. But having laughed and shamed his age out of one folly, he had

With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung ;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

Immortal Vida : on whose honour'd brow

705

The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow :

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,

As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,

Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ; 710

C O M M E N T A R Y .

VER. 709. *But soon by impious arms, etc.*] This brings us to the *third period*, after learning had travelled still farther West ; when the arms of the Emperor, in the sack of Rome by the duke of Bourbon, had driven it out of Italy, and forced it to pass the *Mountains*—The examples he gives in this period, are of Boileau in France, and of the Lord Roscommon and the Duke of Buckingham in England : And these were all Poets, as well as Critics in verse. It is true, the last instance is of one who was no eminent Poet, the late Mr. *Walsh*. This small deviation might be well overlooked, were it only for its being a pious office to the memory of his friend : But it may be farther justified, as it was

N O T E S .

the mortification of seeing it run headlong into another. The *VIRTUOSI* of Italy, in a superstitious dread of that monkish barbarity which he had so severely handled, would use no term (for now almost every man was become a Latin writer) not even when they treated of the highest mysteries of Religion, which had not been consecrated in the Capitol, and dispensed unto them from the sacred hand of *CICERO*. Erasmus observed the growth of this classical folly with the greater concern, as he discovered under all their attention to the language of old Rome, a certain fondness for its religion, in a growing impiety which disposed them to think irreverently of the Christian Faith. And he no sooner discovered it than he set upon reforming it ; which he did so effectually in the Dialogue, intitled *CICERONIANUS*, that he brought the age back to that just temper, which he had been, all his life, endeavouring to mark out to it : Purity, but not Pedantry, in *LETTERS* ; and Zeal, but not Bigotry, in *RELIGION*. In a word, by employing his great talents of genius and literature on subjects of general importance ; and by opposing the extremes of all parties in their turns ; he completed the rare character of a *TRUE CRITIC* and an *HONEST MAN*.

I M I T A T I O N S .

VER. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to

“ *Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae.*” *Virg.*

Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the founder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

C O M M E N T A R Y.

an homage paid in particular to the MORALS of the Critic, nothing being more amiable than the character here drawn of this excellent person. He being our Author's Judge and Censor as well as Friend, it gives him a graceful opportunity to add himself to the number of the later Critics; and with a character of his own genius and temper, sustained by that modesty and dignity which it is so difficult to make consistent, this performance concludes.

I have here given a short and plain account of the ESSAY ON CRITICISM; concerning which, I have but one thing more to say: That when the Reader considers the Regularity of the plan, the masterly Conduct of each part, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning throughout, he should at the same time know, it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

N O T E S.

VER. 723. *Such was the Muse—*] *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Essay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his translation of the *Æneid* and Dr. Garth in the first Edition of his *Dispensary*, says,

"The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees,
 "But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys;"

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant Mea-

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ; 726
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive ;
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give :
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries :
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew : 740
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 Averse alike, to flatter, or offend ;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

NOTES.

fures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

“ The Muse's friend,

“ Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate

“ True to his prince, but not a slave of state.”

Abs. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy ; he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem. P.





*This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to Fame.
And midst the Stars inscribe Belinda's Name.
Rape of the Lock*

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the Year MDCC XII.

THE BOOK OF

THE BOOK OF
M O E M

THE BOOK OF

T O

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Daemons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best conditioned Creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the Character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

A. P O P E.

T H E
R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

C A N T O I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due :
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

N O T E S.

* It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted ; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Canto's only, and it was so printed ; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. ver. 19, etc. P.

This insertion he alway esteemed and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
 A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms, dwells such mighty rage?
 Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
 Now lap dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,
 And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
 And lodge such daring souls in little Men? P.

VER. 13, etc. stood thus in the first Edition,
 Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
 And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
 Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
 And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
 Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
 And striking watches the tenth hour resound. P.

NOTES.

VER. 19. *Belinda still, etc.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards. P.

VER. 20. *Her guardian Sylph*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give *The Rape of the Lock* its present form of a mock-heroic poem, he was obliged to find it with its machinery. For as the subject of the Epic consists of two parts, the *metaphysical* and the *civil*; so this mock epic, which is of the satyric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous mimicry of the other's pomp and solemnity, was to have the like compounded Nature. And, as the *civil* part is intentionally debased by the choice of a trifling action; so should the *metaphysical*, by the application of some very extravagant system. A rule, which though neither Boileau nor Garth had been careful enough to attend to, our Author's good sense would not suffer him to overlook. And that sort of Machinery which his judgment informed him was only fit for use, his

'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
 If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught ; 30
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,

NOTES.

admirable INVENTION soon supplied. There was but one systematic extravagance in all nature which was to his purpose, the ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY ; and this by the effort of a well-directed imagination, he presently seized. The fanatic Alchemists, in their search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether suitable to their end : It was a kind of Theological Philosophy, made up in a mixture of almost equal parts of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala ; a mixture monstrous enough to fright Reason from human commerce. This system, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract called, *Le Comte de Gabalis*. The book is written in Dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery on that invisible sect, by the Abbé Villiers ; the strange stories that went about of the feats and adventures of their Adepts, making, at that time, a great deal of noise at Paris. But, as in this satyrical Dialogue, Mr. P. found several whimsies of a very high mysterious nature, told of their elementary Beings, which were unfit to come into the machinery of such a sort of poem, he has, in their stead, with great judgment substituted the Legendary stories of *Guardian Angels*, and the Nursery Tales of the *Fairies* ; and dextrously accommodated them to the rest of the *Rosicrucian System*. And to this artful address (unless we will be so uncharitable to think he intended to give a needless scandal) we must suppose he referred, in these two lines,

" If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,

" Of all the nurse, and all the priest have taught."

Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived that (as in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery) in his mock epic, the Machinery (taken from a circumstance the most humbling to reason in all philosophic fanaticism) should serve to dismount learned pride and arrogance.

142 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs ;
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd :
 What though no credit doubting Wits may give ?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky :
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive,

NOTES.

VER. 47. *As now your own, etc.*] The Poet here forsakes the Rosicrucian system ; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for ludicrous Poetry ; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology, of the continuance of the passions in *another state*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been well purged and purified by philosophy ; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55.

" Quae gratia currâm
 " Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
 " Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."
Virg. Aeneid. vi. P.

For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their Souls retire :
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :

NOTES.

VER. 68. *is by some Sylph embrac'd :*] Here again the Author resumes the Rosicrucian system. But this tenet, peculiar to that wild philosophy, was founded on a *principle* very unfit to be employed in such a sort of poem, and therefore suppressed, though a less judicious writer would have been tempted to expatiate upon it.

VER. 78. *Though Honour is the word with men below.*] Parody of Homer.

144 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, YOUR GRACE salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive,
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling Star

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101. "Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 "Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspidē cuspis,"
 etc. Stat.

NOTES.

VER. 108. *In the clear mirror*] The Language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, &c. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 145

I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
 Beware of all, but most beware of man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too
 long, 115
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux ;
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no sooner read,
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

NOTES.

VER. 113. *This to disclose, etc.*] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to *Adepts*, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn injunctions of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance, which a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation ; that is to say, her *Dreams*.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, etc.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

P.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensa, quae splendet pyxide densa :
 Tum primum lympa se purgat candida Nympha,
 Jamque sine menda, coelestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
 Haec stupet implorans, ceu cultus nomen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia ! laute,
 Dona venusta ; oris, quae cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devota, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista ;
 Testudo hic flectit dum se mea Lesbica petit ;

146 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appears ; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms :
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;

NOTES.

Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbica dente ;
 Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde ;
 Spinula resplendens aeris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore,
 Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo ;
 Pulchrior in praesens tempus de tempore crescens,
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu ;
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphae intentique saluti,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
 Haec manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam,
 Et tibi, vel Betty tibi vel nitidissima Letty !
 Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

VER. 145. *The busy Sylphs, etc.*] Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2. P.

T H E

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. 6
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike,
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom, etc.*] From hence the Poem
 continues, in the first Edition, to ver. 46.

" The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air ;"
 all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire,
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :

NOTES.

VER. 25. *With hairy springes.*] In allusion to Anacreon's manner.

VER. 28. *With a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

“ And tho' it be a two foot Trout,
“ 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.”

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. Aeneid. xi. P.

150 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his Denizens of air ; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes ;
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings,
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd ; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
 Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons hear !
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest Ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90
 Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care ;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs ; 95
 To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100
 This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;

NOTES.

VER. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The Poet was too judicious to desire this should be understood as a compliment. He intended it for a mere piece of raillery ; such as he more openly pursues on another occasion ; when he says,

“ Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to rise ?

“ With that which followed Julius to the skies.

“ Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,

“ How chanc'd you slept when luckless Sorrel fell ?”

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, etc.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a *trifle*, taken *seriously* ;

152 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade :
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair : 111
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock ; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale ;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain ; 130

NOTES.

it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 119. "*clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.*" Ovid.

VER. 121. *about the silver bound,*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles,

" Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd,

" With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round :

" In living *Silver* seem'd the waves to roll,

" And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r :
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ; 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first Edition continues from
this line to ver. 24. of this Cantop. P.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the first Edition,
In various talk the cheerful hours they pass,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last. P.

The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.
 Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And parti-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
 The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care: 45
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
 Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at *Ombre*, was added since the first Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the beard with cups and spoons is crown'd. P.

NOTES.

VER. 47: *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this de-

156 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mein, and barb'rous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
 The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

NOTES.

scription of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of
 a game at Chess, in his poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye;
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate:
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the first Edition continues to ver. 134. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101. "Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae;
 "Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!"

158 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoaking tide: 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to Mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;

NOTES.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid's *Metam.*
 viii. P.

IMITATIONS.

"Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
 "Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
 "Oderit."
Virg.

This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
 As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair, 135
 A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
 The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought: 140
 As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring Forſex wide,
 T' encloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
 The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
 Then flaſh'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
 And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies. 156

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the firſt Edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant ſtream ſhe bends her head P.

VER. 147. Firſt he expands the glitt'ring Forſex wide

T' incloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:

The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever,

From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.

All that is between was added afterwards. P.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *But airy ſubſtance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut aſunder by the Angel Michael. P.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and fix the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted Steel?

NOTES.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of Court and Party-scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

Virg. P.

VER. 177. "Ille quoque everfus mons est, etc.

"Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?"

Catull. de com. Berenices. P.

T H E
R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

C A N T O I V.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever fully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. II. *For, that sad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen are not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.
 And continued at the 94th verse of this Canto. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. I. "At regina gravi," etc. *Virg. Aeneid. iv.* P.

No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20

Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.

Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation with a sickly mein,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:.

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.*]

The Poet by this comparison would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified Recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female Saints, were as much the effects of hypochondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterwards.

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyfian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry fide are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout : 50
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks ;
Here fighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band, 55
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen !
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks ;*] See Hom. *Iliad* xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods. P.

VER. 52. *and there a Goose-pye talks ;*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. P.

164 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddeſs with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, fobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! she ſpread her hands, and cry'd; 95
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine 105
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 165

Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120
 She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
 "Z——ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must
 be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay, prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and in truth one could not well blame him.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i. P.

Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd, remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.*

These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto. P.

The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

T H E

R A P E O F T H E L O C K.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 9. *Say, why are Beauties, etc.*] Homer.

" Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 " Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
 " Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field;
 " And hills where vines their purple harvest yield;
 " Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 " Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound;
 " Why, on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 " Admir'd as hero's, and as Gods obey'd;
 " Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 " And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
 " 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 " The first in valour, as the first in place:
 " That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 " Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 " Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 " Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our power to use,
 And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but Merit wins the soul.

NOTES.

- " Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 " Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 " For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 " In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
 " But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 " Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
 " The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 " And give to fame what we to nature owe;
 " Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 " Or let us glory gain, or glory give."

170 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude,
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
 So when bold Homer makes the God's engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage,
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound,
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
 way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day.
 Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
 Clap'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first Edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. P.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before-mentioned. P.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer. Il. xx. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech.

"So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded." P.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in the *Odyss.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 171

Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Maeander's flow'ry margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die:
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd. 80

NOTES.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vid. Homer, ll. viii. and Virg.
Aen. xii. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*] The words of a Song
in the Opera of Camilla. P.

VER. 65. *Thus on Maeander's flow'ry margin lies*]

"Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

"Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor." Ov. Ep. P.

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the
 20 above reason. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation
 of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 173

The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain : 110
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

There Heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
And Beaus in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.

There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of riband bound,

The courtier's promises, and sick men's pray'rs,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,

Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view) 126

A sudden Star, it shot through liquid air,

And drew behind a radiant trail of hair,

Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,

The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,

And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray ;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. P.

NOTES.

VER. 114. *Since all things left*] Vid. Ariosto, Canto xxxiv. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128. "Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
"Stella micat." *Ovid.* P.

174 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galilaeo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140
 Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
 hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For after all the murders of your eye, 145
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

NOTES.

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous
 Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never fail'd to pre-
 dict the downfal of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war
 with the English. P.

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10
Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres; 20

N O T E S.

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. old quarto edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

P.

Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky,
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rais blacken all the way) 40
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not.
 To whom related, or by whom begot;

NOTES.

VER. 59. *What though no weeping Loves, etc.* This beautiful little Elegy had gained the unanimous admiration of all Men of taste. When a Critic comes—But hold; to give his observation fair play, let us first analyze the Poem. The Ghost of the injured person appears to excite the Poet to revenge her wrongs. He describes her Character—execrates the Author of her misfortunes—expatiates on the severity of her fate—the rites of sepulture denied her in a foreign land—then follows,

“What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,” etc.

“Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,” etc.

Can any thing be more naturally pathetic? Yet the Critic tells us he can give no quarter to this part of the poem, which is eminently, he says, discordant with the subject, and not the language of the heart. But when he tells us, that it is to be ascribed to imitation, copying indiscreetly what has been said by others, [Elements of Criticism, vol. 2. p. 182.] his Criticism begins to smell furiously of old John Dennis. Well might our Poet's last wish be to commit his writings to the candour of a sensible and reflecting Judge, rather than to the malice of every shortsighted and malevolent Critic. See Vol. iv. Lett. cxx.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung 75
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

[179]
P R O L O G U E .

M R . A D D I S O N ' s T R A G E D Y

C A T O .

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes,
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :

* This Prologue, and the Epilogue which follows, are the most perfect models of this species of writing, both in the serious and the ludicrous way.

180 PROLOGUE TO CATO.

No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Caesar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaст;
 The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long, 40
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such Plays alone should win a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear,

NOTES.

VER. 20. *But what with pleasure*] This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterwards used as a motto to his play, when it is was printed.

VER. 46. *As Cato's self; etc.*] This alludes to that famous story of his coming into the Theatre, and going out again.

[181]
EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play,
From her own Sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6.

Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
“How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!” 10.
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15.
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20.

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Raith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sin-
ners.

182 EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
 He has a Husband that will make amends :
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse : 30
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life ?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife :
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife few here would scruple make, 35
 But pray, which of you all would take her back ?
 Though with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country,—but what's that to you ? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City :
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
 If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face ;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good ;
 Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

S A P P H O

P H A O N I.

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosae littera dextrae,
 Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
 An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphūs,
 Hōc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
 Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras 5
 Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis:
 Elendus amor meus eſt: elegeia ſiebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager. 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Aetnae,
 Me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne eoquit.
 Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quae jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuae ca-mina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellae, 15
 Nec me Leſbiadum caetera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anaſtorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
 Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
 Atque aliae centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20
 Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
 O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
 Sume fidem et pharetram; ſies manifeſtus Apollo:
 Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.

S A P P H O T O P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse ;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe,
 I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born ! 10
 Phaon to Aetna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Aetna's fires !
 No more my soul a charm in music finds ;
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine ! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
 The harp and bow would you like Phoebus bear,
 A brighter Phoebus Phaon might appear ;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :

Et Phoebus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit ;
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos. 30
 At mihi Pegafides blandissima carmina dictant ;
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Nec plus Alcaeus, consors patriaeque lyraeque,
 Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
 Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit ; 35
 Ingenio formae damna rependo meae.
 Sum brevis ; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
 Est mihi ; mensuram nominis ipsa fero. 40
 Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheïa Perseo
 Andromede, patriae fusca colore suae ;
 Et variis albae junguntur saepe columbae,
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
 Si, nisi quae facie poterit te digna videri, 45
 Nulla futura tua est ; nulla futura tua est.
 At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar ;
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
 Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
 Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 50
 Haec quoque laudabas ; omnique a parte placebam,
 Sed tum praecique, cum fit amoris opus.

Yet Phoebus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than even those Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Tho' great Alcaeus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love?
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.

Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 65
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco ;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae ;
Quid mihi cum Lesbos ? Sicelis esse volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae : 65
Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva tuae.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem ? 70
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo ?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis.
Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arfit inops frater, victus meretricis amore ;
Mistaeque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta coerula remo : 75
Quasque male amisit, nunc male quaerit opes :
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam defint, quae me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis :
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo. 80
Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli ;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum :
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix ? aut cui placuisse laborem ?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.
Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis ;
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90

Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
 But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
 For whom shall Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love: 90

Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
Nec data sunt vitae fila severa meae ;
Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistrae,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, si me primae lanuginis aetas
Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest ?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam :
Et faceres ; sed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc si conspiciat quae conspicit omnia, Phoebe ;
Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in coelum curro vexisset eburno ;
Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer ! utilis aetas !
O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui !
Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros :
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas. 106
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis :
Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses, 110
Et modo dixisses : Lesbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti ;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria : nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi ; neque enim mandata dedissem
Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat ; Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas ;
Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit :
Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui ;

So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn,
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy;
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return; receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,

Et lacrymae deerant oculis, et lingua palato : non
 Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 Postquam se dolor invenit ; nec pectora plangi,
 Nec puduit scissis exululare comis.
 Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
 Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos,
 Guadet, et e nostro crescit moerore Charaxus
 Frater ; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris ;
 Quid dolet haec ? certe filia vivit, ait.
 Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor : omne videtur
 Vulgus ; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon ; te somnia nostra redeunt ;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die.
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis ;
 Sed non longa fatis gaudia somnus habet.
 Saepe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
 Saepe tuae videor supposuisse meos.
 Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
 Eloquor ; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
 Oscula cognosco ; quae tu committere linguae,
 Aptaque consuevas accipere, apta dare.
 Ulteriora pudet narrare ; sed omnia fiunt.
 Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
 At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum ;
 Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.

Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to raise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infants feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forefaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:

Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
sint. 160

Conscia Deliciis illa fuere tuis.

Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho

Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.

Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,

Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.

Invenio sylvam, quae saepe cubilia nobis 166

Praebuit, et multa texit opaca coma.

At non invenio dominum sylvaeque, meumque.

Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.

Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas; 170

De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.

Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;

Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.

Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur

Frondeb; et nullae dulce queruntur aves.

Sola virum non ulta pie moestissima mater 175

Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.

Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:

Haecenus, ut media caetera nocte silent.

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180

Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.

Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,

Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.

Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus, 185

Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.

Constitit, et dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus aequis

"Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.

"Phoebus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit aequor:

"Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.

Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains, 161
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All but the mournful Philomel and I:
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.
 A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below: 180
 A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
 Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood:
 She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
 "Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
 "There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 "Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep; 190
 "There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 "Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.

" Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhae succensus amore

" Misit, et illaeso corpore pressit aquas. 195

" Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhae

" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.

" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam

" Leucada; nec faxo defluisse time."

Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo: 200

Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.

Ibimus, o Nymphae, monstrataque saxa petemus.

Sit procul infans victus amore timor.

Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.

Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:

Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquae.

Inde chelyn Phoebæ communia munera ponam:

Et sub ea versus, unus et alter erunt.

" Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:

" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."

Cur tamen Aëtiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,

Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda: 220

Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.

An potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior illa,

Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,

Quam poterant saxi praecipitanda dari!

" Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes, 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane! }
 On Phoebus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow, 212
 And this Inscription shall be plac'd below,
 " Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 " Sappho to Phoebus consecrates her Lyre; 215
 " What suits with Sappho, Phoebus, suits with thee;
 " The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
 But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
 To distant Seas must tender Sappho fly?
 Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
 And Phoebus' self is less a God to me. 221
 Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 Oh far more faithless and more hard than they?
 Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest? 225

Haec sunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare solebas ;

Visaeque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.

Nunc vellem facunda forent : dolor artibus obstat ;

Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.

Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230

Plectra dolore tacent : muta dolore lyra est.

Lesbides aequorae, nupturaque nuptaque proles ;

Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra ;

Lesbides, infamem quae me fecistis amatae ;

Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas. 234

Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.

(Me miseram ! dixi quam modo pene, meus !)

Efficite ut redeat : vates quoque vestra redibit.

Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240

Ecquid ago precibus ? pectusne agreste movetur ?

An riget ? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt ?

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.

Hoc te, si sciperes, lente, decebat opus.

Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur

Munera ; quid laceras pectora nostra mora ?

Solve ratem : Venus orta mari, mare praestet eunti.

Aura dabit cursum ; tu modo solve ratem.

Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido :

Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.

Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho ;

(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255

[O saltem miserae, Crudelis, epistola dicat :

Ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.]

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre,
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian Virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245
 Or when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
 If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love!





*Ah Wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.*

El. to. Ab.

ARGUMENT

ABELARD and Heloise flourished in the twelfth
 Century; they were two of the most dis-
 tinguished of their age in learning and piety,
 but for nothing more famous than for their un-
 fortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they
 retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the
 remainder of their days to religion. It was many
 years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's
 to a Friend, which contained the history of his mis-
 fortune, fell into the hands of Heloise. This awak-
 ening all her tenderness, occasioned their celebrated
 letters (out of which the following is partly extracted),
 which give a lively picture of the rage of love,
 and nature, virtue and passion.

ABELARD.

A R G U M E N T.

ABELARD and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's, to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
 O write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, 15
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repellant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
 Shrines! where their vigils pale ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclofe,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under friendship's name;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' all beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung;
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove;
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
 The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.

NOTES.

VER. 66. *And truths divine, etc.*] He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 75. "Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie:
 "When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
 "Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone."

Chaucer. P.

Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself; his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;
 If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
 Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast: 94
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
 A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand!
 Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye;
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill requited heav'n:
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

NOTES.

VER. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;* He founded the Monastery. P.

See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150

But why should I on others pray'rs depend?

Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!

Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,

And all those tender names in one, thy love

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155

Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,

The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,

The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,

The dying gales that pant upon the trees,

The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160

No more these scenes my meditation aid,

Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,

Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165

A death-like silence, and a dread repose:

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,

Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,

And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;

Sad proof how well a lover can obey!

Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;

And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain,

Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175

And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,

Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Affist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?

Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,

Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget. 200
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.

NOTES.

VER. 212. *Obedient slumbers, etc.*] Taken from Crashaw.

Grace shines around her with sereneſt beams, 215
 And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes.
 For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenaeals ſing, 220
 To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
 And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy;
 When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day, 225
 Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
 Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
 Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
 Provoking Daemons all reſtraint remove,
 And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
 I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
 Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe! 240
 Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
 Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies; 245
 Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
 I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames ; like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?
 The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul : 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
 Oppose thyself to heav'n ; dispute my heart ;

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright Idea of the skies ;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs ; 286
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !
 No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
 Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !) 295
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
 O Grace serene ! oh Virtue heav'nly fair !
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And Faith, our early immortality ! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
 Receive, and wrap me, in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Prompt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
 " Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 " Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ! 310
 " Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Love's victim then, though now a fainted maid :
 " But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 " Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 " Ev'n superstition loses every fear : 315
 " For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
 Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may the pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine, 341
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
 May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

NOTES.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloïsa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, she in 1163. P.

If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !"
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost; 365
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

ADVERTISEMENT
TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have here put them all together. P.





Millions of suppliant Crouds the Shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend: -
 The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
 And boasting Youth, and narrative Old age.
 Temple of Fame.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .
T H E

TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year M D C C X I .

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes. P.

T H E

T E M P L E O F F A M E.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs ;
 When op'ning buds saluté the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies ;
 The whole creation open to my eyes :
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow ;

N O T E S.

VER. I. *In that soft season, etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. II, etc.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

" Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
 " Now hills, and now mountains,
 " Now valeis, and now forestes,
 " And now unneth great bestes,
 " Now rivers, now citees,
 " Now towns, now great trees,
 " Now shippes sayling in the sees." P.

220 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes ;
 There trees, and intermingled temples rise :
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20
 O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, etc.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame*.

" It stood upon so high a rock,
 " Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 " What manner stone this rock was,
 " For it was like a lymed glass,
 " But that it shone full more clere ;
 " But of what congeled matere
 " It was, I niste redily ;
 " But at the last espied I,
 " And found that it was every dele,
 " A rock of ise and not of stele."

VER. 31. *Inscriptions here, etc.*]

" Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave
 " With famous folkes names fele,
 " That had been in much wele
 " And her fames wide y-blow ;
 " But well unneth might I know
 " Any letters for to rede
 " Their names by, for out of drede

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd ; 35
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :

IMITATIONS.

" They weren almost off-thawen so,
 " That of the letters one or two
 " Were molte away of every name,
 " So unfamous was woxe her fame ;
 " But men said, what may ever last." P.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, etc.]*
 " Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
 " That they were molte away for heate,
 " And not away with stormes beate."

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, etc.]*
 " For on that other side I sey
 " Of that hill which northward ley,
 " How it was written full of names
 " Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 " Of old time, and yet they were
 " As fresh as men had written hem there
 " The self day, or that houre,
 " That I on hem gan to poure :
 " But well I wiste what it made ;
 " It was conserved with the shade
 " (All the writing that I sye)
 " Of the castle that stoode on high,
 " And stood eke in so cold a place,
 " That heate might it not deface." P.

222 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ; 50
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (theauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky :
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
Of various structure, but of equal grace :
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race ;
The walls in venerable order grace.
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.*] The temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates, facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts. P.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield : 80
 There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cithaeron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall !
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,

NOTES.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. J. T. P.

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name :*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great lawgiver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. P.

224 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

The sage Chaldaeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachman's, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades;
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
 Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120

N O T E S.

VER. 110. *Egypt's Priests, etc.*] The learning of the old Egyptian Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the History of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his Chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. P.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zoroaster was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood, 126
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foilage, and with eagles crown'd: 140

NOTES.

the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. P.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, etc.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 132. *The wall in lustre, etc.*]

"It shone lighter than a glass,

"And made well more than it was,

"As kind of thing Fame is."

Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who through loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His feet on sceptres and tiara's trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Caesar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ;
 Caesar, the world's great master, and his own ; 156
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought : 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;*] Alexander the Great : the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes : his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins ; which was continued by several of his successors. P.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians ; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. P.

And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165 }
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind, }

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:

He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names: 175
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

NOTES.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name. P.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]

- " From the dees many a pillere,
- " Of metal that shone not full clere, etc.
- " Upon a pillere saw I stonde
- " That was of lede and iron fine,
- " Him of the Sect Saturnine,
- " The Ebraicke Josephus the old, etc.

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression must he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

IMITATIONS.

" Upon an iron pillar strong,
 " That painted was all endlong,
 " With tigers' blood in every place,
 " The Tholosan that bight Stace,
 " That bare of Thebes up the name," etc. P.
 VER. 182.]
 " Full wonder hie on a pillere
 " Of iron, he the great Omer,
 " And with him Dares and Titus," etc. P.

VER. 196, etc.]

" There saw I stond on a pillere
 " That was of tinned iron cleere,
 " The Latin Poet Virgyle,
 " That hath bore up of a great while
 " The fame of pious Aeneas,
 " And next him on a pillere was
 " Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
 " That hath sown wondrous wide
 " The great God of Love's fame—

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part;
 With patient touches of unweary'd art:
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Aeneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

NOTES

VER. 210. *Four swans sustain, etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

IMITATIONS

- " Tho' saw I on a pillere by
 " Of iron wrought full sternly,
 " The great Poet Dan Lucan,
 " That on his shoulders bore up then
 " As hye as that I might see,
 " The fame of Julius and Pompee:
 " And next him on a pillere rode
 " Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
 " Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 " That bare up all the fame of hell," etc. P.

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
 Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 And work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here..

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuse:
 The softer spirits of the Sapphic Muse.*

This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

" Spiritum Graiae tenuem camoenae."

As another which follows, to

" Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

" Me fabulosae Vulture in Appulo

" Altricis extra limen Apuliae,

" Ludo fatigatumque somno,

" Fronde nova puerum palumbes

" Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus—

" Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis

" Dormirem ut urbis; ut premerer sacra

" Lauroque collataque myrto,

" Non sine Diis animosus infans."

Which may be thus Englished;

" While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,

" And in a desert sleeping lay;

" The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd

" To touch the Muses' future bard;

" But Cytherea's gentle dove

" Myrtles and Bays around me spread,

" And crown'd your infant Poet's head,

" Sacred to Music and to Love." P.

The Doves that round the infant poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his sides surround ; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies : 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
The vivid em'ralsds there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, etc.*]

" Methought that she was so lite,

" That the length of a cubite

232 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler Vista's open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265
 Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;
 With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, through the length of days. 275
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,

IMITATIONS.

" Was longer than she seem'd be ;
 " But thus soon soon in a while she,
 " Herself tho' wonderly straight,
 " That with her feet she the earth reight,
 " And with her head she touch'd heav'n."— P.

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.*]

" I heard about her throne y-sung
 " That all the palays walls rung
 " So sung the mighty Muse, she
 " That cleped is Calliope,
 " And her seven sisters eke."— P.

VER. 276. *Around these wonders, etc.*]

" I heard a noise approchen blive,
 " That far'd as bees done in a hive,
 " Against her time of out flying ;
 " Right such a manere murmuring,
 " For all the world it seem'd me.
 " Tho' gan I look about and see

And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd; 281
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
 First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
 Long have we fought t' instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind; 301

I M I T A T I O N S.

- " That there came entring into th' hall,
 " A right great company withal;
 " And that of sundry regions,
 " Of all kind of conditions," etc.— P.

VER. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc*]

- " And some of them she granted fone,
 " And some she warned well and fair,
 " And some she granted the contrair—
 " Right as her sister dame Fortune
 " Is wont to serve in commune." P.

234 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne :
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise :
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread ; 315
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 318. *the good and just, etc.*]

" Tho came the third companye,
 " And gan up to the dees to hyc,
 " And down on knees they fell anone,
 " And saiden : We been everichone
 " Folke that han full truely
 " Deserved Fame right-fully,
 " And prayen you it might be knowe
 " Right as it is, and forth blowe.
 " I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 " That your good works shall be wist.
 " And yet ye shall have better loos,
 " Right in despite of all your foos,
 " Than worthy is, and that anone
 " Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 " And certes all the breath that went
 " Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 " As men a pot of baume held
 " Among a basket full of roses—" P.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 235

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd : 325
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful Trump of slander sounds ;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies, 335
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphurious flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328, 338. *Behold another croud, etc.—From the black trumpet's rusty, etc.]*

- " Therewithal there came anone
- " Another huge companye,
- " Of good folke—
- " What did this Eolus, but he
- " Tooke out his trump of brass,
- " That fouler than the devil was :
- " And gan this trump for to blowe,
- " As all the world should overthrowe.
- " Throughout every regione
- " Went this foul trumpet's sounne.
- " Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
- " When fire is in the powder ruane.
- " And such a smoke gan out wende,
- " Out of the foul trumpet's ende—" etc. P.

236 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

The pois'nous vapours blot the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 350
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the same smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.]*

- " I saw anone the fifth route,
- " That to this lady gan loute,
- " And down on knees anone to fall,
- " And to her they besoughten all,
- " To hiden their good works eke.
- " And said, they yeve not a leke
- " For no fame ne such renowne;
- " For they for contemplacyoune,
- " And Goddes love had it wrought,
- " Ne of fame would they ought.
- " What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
- " And ween ye for to do good,
- " And for to have it of no fame?
- " Have ye despite to have my name?
- " Nay ye shall lien everichone:
- " Blowe thy trump, and that anone
- " (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
- " And ring these folks works by rote.

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath, 370
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies, 376
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;

IMITATIONS.

" That all the world may of it heare;
" And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
" In his golden clarioune,
" Through the World went the sounne,
" All so kindly, and eke so soft,
" That their fame was blown aloft." P.

VER. 378. *Next these a youthful train, etc.*] The Reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

" Tho came the sixth companye,
" And gan fast to Fame cry." etc.

being too prolix to be here inserted. P.

Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair : 385

In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
 Of unknown Duchesses leud tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name. 390
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame,

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
 Around the shrine, and made the same request : 395
 What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run through all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
 On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics; 411

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, etc.]*

"The' came another companye,

"That had y-done the treachery," etc. P.

Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores; 425

IMITATIONS.

VER. 418. *This having heard and seen, etc.*] The Scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

" Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
" Under the castle fast by
" A house, that Dornus Dedali
" That Labyrinthus cleped is,
" Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
" Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
" And evermo as swit as thought,
" This queint house about went,
" That never more it still stent—
" And eke this house hath of entrees
" As many as leaves are on trees,
" In summer, when they ben grene;
" And in the roof yet men may sene
" A thousand hoels and well mo,
" To letten the sounne out go;
" And by day in every tide
" Ben all the doors open wide,
" And by night each one unshet;
" No porter is there one to let,
" No manner tydings in to pace:
" Ne never rest is in that place."

P.

240 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third; 439
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impresson make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 428 *As flames by nature to the, etc.*] This thought is transferr'd hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,

"Geffray, thou wottest well this," etc. P.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.*]

"Of werres, of peace, of marriages,

"Of rest, of labour, of voyages,

"Of abode, of dethe, and of life,

"Of love and hate, accord and strife,

"Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,

"Of heale, of sickness, and lessings,

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 241

Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;

IMITATIONS.

- " Of divers transmutations
- " Of estates and eke of regions,
- " Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
- " Of wit, of winning, and of folly.
- " Of good, or bad government,
- " Of fire, and of divers accident." P.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.*

- " But such a grete congregation
- " Of folke as I saw roam about,
- " Some within, and some without,
- " Was never seen, ne shall be est—
- " And every wight that I saw there
- " Rowned everich in others ear
- " A new tyding privily,
- " Or else he told it openly
- " Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
- " That is betide to night now?
- " No, quoth he, tell me what?
- " And then he told him this and that, etc.
- " ————— Thus north and south
- " Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
- " And that encreasing evermo,
- " As fire is wont to quicken and go
- " From a sparkle sprong amifs,
- " Till all the citee brent up is."

242 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place, 466
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new, 470 }
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too, }
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
 the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey,
 A lie and truth contending for the way; 490

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one passage, etc*]

" And sometime I saw there at once,

" A lying and a sad sooth saw

" That gonnen at adventure draw

" Out of a window forth to pace—

" And no man, be he ever so wrothe,

" Shall have one of these two, but bothe," etc.

P.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 243

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath, 505
Th' estate which Wits inherit after death!

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)

The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510

All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase cost so dear a price, 515
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:

Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;

NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I stood, etc.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *Moral*, to the whole. In *Chaucer*, he only answers "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright. P.

Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
 Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
 What couldst thou wish thy vain ambition raised?
 Art thou, said I, a candidate for praise?
 The name, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful birds of fame?
 But, said I, the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 The state which Wits inherit after death!
 Life, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Quaint the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, remains,
 In envy'd, wretched, and he haunts a door;
 All lackeys with their enemies protest,
 And all successful, jealous friends are best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, in the crowd at all.
 But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
 As losing folly, or seeking Vice;
 Oh! if the Mute must haunter lackeys lead,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way;

For, said I, what art thou? The blind is taken from a
 palace in another part of the temple, but here none naturally
 made the conclusion, with the mention of a library to the whole.
 In answer, he only replies, "he came to see the place;" and
 the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a
 that a great advantage, and waiting in a niche.





Old as he was and void of Eye sight too
What could alas a helpless Husband do
Jan & May

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM

CHAUCE R.

N 3

JANUARY AND MAY:

OF THE

MERCHANTS' TALE

FROM

C. H. A. U. C. T. R.

73

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wife and worthy knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Blest with much sence, more riches, and some grace.
 Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more; 10
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
 And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
 Once, ere he dy'd, to taste the blisful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;

NOTES.

[JANUARY AND MAY.] This translation was done at sixteen
 or seventeen years of age.

P.

N 4

To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.

Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,

Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30

Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,

Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join :

Nor know to make the present blessing last,

To hope the future, or esteem the past :

But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35

And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.

The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,

Secure at once himself and heav'n to please ;

And pass his inoffensive hours away,

In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40

Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,

Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.

With matchless impudence they style a wife 45

The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;

A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,

A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil.

Let not the wise these scandalous words regard,

But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50

All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,

A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.

Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,

Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;

One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55

Abundantly supplies us all our life :

This blessing lasts (if those who try, say true)

As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,

Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60

With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade.
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he 65
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?

Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
 His father's blessing from an elder son: 70
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life

To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
 And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80
 His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
 To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
 But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
 (As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85
 Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
 Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
 And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
 How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
 In worldly follies, which I blush to tell; 90
 But gracious heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
 And many heads are wiser still than one;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice; this wife must not be old: 100
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face:

In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
 Those are too wise for batchelors to wed.

As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade: 110
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.

Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed; 120
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
 Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
 May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)

My limbs are active, still I'm found at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130

Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head :
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below.

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said ; the rest in diff'rent parts divide ;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side : 140
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years! 150
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice :
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
My word was this, " Your honour's in the right."

Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a Philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author, of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
 To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away:
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your Lady's qualities at least: 185
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man ere can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find. 190
 In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend; 195

And spight of all his praises must declare,
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear :
 While all my friends applaud my blisful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;

Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
 But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205

Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in Age :
 But at these years to venture on the fair !
 By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.

And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise !
 We, Sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way :— 220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo say ?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay ;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way ; 225
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
 The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy ?
 The charms of Wedlock all his soul employ :

Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest, 230
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
 Whilst fancy pictur'd every lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some publick Forum fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the figures moving by; 235
 Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
 This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest: 240
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind: 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed: 255
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
 Chaste, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born, 260
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease:

And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my blifs with none! 265
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft, I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The blifs of heav'n above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
 To match the blessings of the future state,
 Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul
 Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
 And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
 That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
 Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285 }
 One, that may do your business to a hair;
 Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
 Provided still, you moderate your joy,
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;

Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.

Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and dead, 305
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:

Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace, 326
(So Poets sing) was present on the place:

And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
 Shook high her flaming torch in open fight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight :
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try, 331
 No less in wedlock than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day;
 The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
 Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King :
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor env'y'd Paris with the Spartan bride :
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350
 Restless he fate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360

His lovely mistress all his soul possess,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie ; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests ; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess :
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give ;
 Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And Critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say ;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day, 384
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
 As all were nothing he had done by night ;
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright, }
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ; 390
 For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;

The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
 Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call. 405

The Squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sate the gentle May:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view! 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
 Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;

Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above ;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame ;
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love !
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :
 But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale : Some sages have defin'd
 Pleasure the sov'reign blifs of human-kind :
 Our knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those ;
 For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence :
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace
 (Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming place :
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed Romance :
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue :

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair, 465
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)

For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
 To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure, 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure?

O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480

This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.

His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway. }

Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;

She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
 For oh, 'twas fixt; she must possess or die!

Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain :
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes : 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impressiion to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What slight is that, which love will not explore? 515
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly shew,
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :
 Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray; 520
 It hap'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
 He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!

Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
 The winter's past; the clouds and tempest fly;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
 To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd: 536
 Secret and undescry'd he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life;
 And rather would I chuse, by heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
 When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550 }
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone. }
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight, }
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight, }
 Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight. }
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain; 560

And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love :
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565

And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess those heav'nly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms? 574

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd;
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd;) d
 Heav'n knows, (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
 To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well :
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:

Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me? 595

These doubts and fears of female constancy!

This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,

The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,

Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past: 600

She saw him watch the motions of her eye,

And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:

'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,

And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.

Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 605

And climbing, in the summit took his place;

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,

Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun

His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run;

And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields, 611

To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:

Clear was the day, and Phoebus rising bright,

Had streak'd the azure firmament with light; 614

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams;

And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,

The Fairies sported on the garden side,

And in the midst their Monarch and his bride. }

So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620 }

The knights so nimbly o'er the green-sword bound,

That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the }

ground.

The dances ended, 'all the fairy train

For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;

While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625

Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man:
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
 For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind, 635
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
 But should'st thou search the spacious world around;
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
 The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
 Or some devouring plague consume you all;
 As well you view the leacher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see:
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 645
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And, in the very act, restore his sight:
 And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
 Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need.
 For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age; 660

Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this stand'rous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670
 The wiser wits of later times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
 How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why should not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone 680
 Who only Is, and is but only One. }
 But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
 What though this King (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts; 685
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater;
 Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ, 690
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
 David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
 By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 701
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;
 It must be done—I am a King, said he.
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been—

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen: 705
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710
 And to the Knight our story turns again:
 Who in the garden with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
 This was his song; "O kind and constant be,
 "Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee." 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love,
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side? 721
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
 Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
 Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:

Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do!
 And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all! 740
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:

'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the lady in the tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you; 745
 But sure it was a merrier fit she swore,
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
 Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky: 755
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there!

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind?

Why was I taught to make my husband see,
 By struggling with a man upon a Tree?
 Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love? 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight;)
 So heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain— 779

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind! }

She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And as they fell she wip'd from either eye 785
 'The drops (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd:
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more; 790
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
 By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 796

But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,

Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,

The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800 }

And dusky vapours rise and intercept the day :

So just recov'ring from the shades of night,

Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light, }

Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem ; 805

Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem !

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find

'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :

Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,

None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace

With well dissembled virtue in her face.

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,

Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :

Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,

A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,

Let all wise husbands hence example take ;

And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,

To be so well deluded by their wives.





*Ye sovereign Wives! give ear & understand,
Thus shall ye speed & exercise Command.
Wife of Bath.*

THE
WIFE OF BATH
HER PROLOGUE.

FROM
CHAUCER.

I've had myself full many a merry fit;
 And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

25 }

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
 The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginitie he found:

30

'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

35

I envy not their blifs, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
 One proper gift, another grants to those:
 Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
 But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

45

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n;
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign. 61
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : with show'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives ! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
To lie so boldly as we women can :
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul ! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay ? 75
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair ?
Art thou so am'rous ? and is she so fair ?
If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80
Lord ! how you swell, and rage like any fiend !

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair ;
Cry, Wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse ;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse ;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic, 90
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
 If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.
 There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try, 100
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
 If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine? 125

Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—

I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.

If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will, 130

"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:

"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;

"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare? 135

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,

Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,

To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
And none can long be modest that are gay:

The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,

The chimney keeps, and sits content within;

But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,

Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun; 145

She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,

To show her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires

These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do, 150

And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,

And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,

When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;

And swore the rambles that I took by night, 156

Were all to spy what damfels they bedight.

That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What ! so familiar with your spouse ? I cry'd :
I levied first a tax upon his need ;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed !
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure ;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt, 176
Then kifs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
'To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
" Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look ?
" Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek ;
" Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek !
" Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach, 186
" Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
" But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
" Who puts a period to domestic strife.

" One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway, }
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 " Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 " What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 " Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
 " Here's your Revenge! you love it at your heart.
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave, 201
 " You little think what custom I could have.
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life; 205
 A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love: 216
 For 'tis as sure as cold ingenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This wicked world was once my dear delight ; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night !
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two : 230
 But all that score I paid—as how ? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way :
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd ;
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
 With burning rage, and frantick jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
 How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem ;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood, 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrind the great Darius lay ;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;
 So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best ;
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue ;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

THE WIFE OF BATH. 283

How quaint an appetite in women reigns !
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ; 261
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall :
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That oft a day I to this gossip went ;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept ; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ; }
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields. 291

We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
 I still have shifts against a time of need :
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ; 301
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown :
 All this I said ; but dreams, sirs, I had none :
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past ;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last,
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must. 310
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was born ;
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods ! he show'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair !
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be ;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame ;
 And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conj'rour once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the Stars order'd, such my life has been :
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !

THE WIFE OF BATH. 285

Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land :
But oft repented, and repent it still ;
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will :
Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face ; 335
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any Lioness was I ;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes ;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit, 345
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350
All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read, 356
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.

Valerius, whole ; and of St. Jerome, part ;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
 Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves ;
 And many more than sure the Church approves.
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a Man. 365
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 370
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen ;
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow! 375
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the Scripture show)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
 How Samson fell ; and he whom Dejanire
 Wrapt in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame, 385
 And husband-bull—oh monstrous ! fie for shame !

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
 Xantippe made her good man undergo ;
 How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw ; 390
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head ;
 Rain follows thunder : that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
 Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
 For better fruit did never orchard bear.
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
 And in my garden planted it shall be. 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
 Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
 frown'd;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
 Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd;) 420
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
 He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life :
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
 As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow 436
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

**THE FIRST BOOK OF
STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.**

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

A R G U M E N T.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resign'd his realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phoebus and Psamathe, and the story of Choroebus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he need not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made a'most in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

P. STATII THEBAIDOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
 Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
 Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
 Ire, Deae? gentisne canam primordia dirae?
 Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
 Legis Agenoreae? scrutantemque aequora Cadmum?
 Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
 Agricolam infandis condentem praelia fulcis 10
 Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine matris
 Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
 Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
 Quod saevae Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
 Ionium, socio casura Palaemone mater.
 Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
 Praeteriisse finem: limes mihi carminis esto 20
 Oedipodae confusa domus: quando Itala nondum
 Signa, nec Arctooꝝ ausim sperare triumphos,
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,

THE FIRST BOOK OF
STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song ; a sacred Fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The fire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song
At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Caesar's conqu'ring eagles sing ;

Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos :
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
 Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famae,
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
 Aeternum sibi Roma cupit : licet arctior omnes
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
 Pleiadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35
 Sollicitet ; licet ignipedum frenatur equorum
 Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
 Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa.
 Parte poli ; maneat hominum contentus habenis,
 Undarum terraeque potens, et sidera dones.

Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro
 Facta canam : nunc tendo chelyn. fatis arma referre
 Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
 Nec furiis post fata modum, flammisque rebelles
 Seditioe rogi, tumultisque carentia regum
 Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes ; 55
 Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeco sanguine Dirce,
 Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 295

How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
 Or long before, with early valour strove,
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30
 And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name,
 Oh! blest thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain. 34
 What though the stars contract their heav'nly space,
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
 Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;
 Though Phoebus longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
 Though Jove himself no less content would be
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;
 Yet stay, great Caesar! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Caesar's fame:
 Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse: 50
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismeno's swelling flood,

Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum frae
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget ut hostilem propellens caedibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merferat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque recessu
Sedis, inaspectos caelo, radiisque penates
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
Saeva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Dirae. 75
Tunc vacuos orbis, crudum ac miserabile vitae
Supplicium, ostentat coelo, manibusque cruentis
Pulsat inane solum, saevaue ita voce precatur:
Dî fontes animas, angusta que Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda, 85
Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas

With dread beheld the rolling furies sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

What Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate:
Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd 65
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?

Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night; 70

But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75

And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,
The wretch then lifted up to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign, 81
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;

Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold:
Tisiphone, that oft' hast heard my pray'r, 85
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopæus. P.

Firmaſti; ſi ſtagna peti Cyrrhaea bicorni 90
 Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
 Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce
 Longaevum implicui regem, ſecuique tremenſis
 Ora ſenis, dum quaero patrem: ſi Sphingos iniquae
 Callidus ambages, te praemonſtrante, reſolvi;
 Si dulces Furias, et lamentabile matris 95
 Connubium gaviſus inî; noctemque nefandam
 Saepe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi;
 Mox avidus poenae digitis caedentibus ultro
 Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100
 Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quaeque ipſa furenti
 Subjiceret: orbum viſu regniſque parentem
 Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
 (Pro dolor) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
 Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.
 Hiſne etiam funeſtus ego? et videt iſta deorum
 Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex 110
 Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
 Unguibus arripui, votisque inſincta paternis
 I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro 115
 Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
 Quod cupiam vidiſſe neſas, nec tarda ſequetur

If leaving Polybus, I took my way
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
 Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require, 101
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
 My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes!
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
 Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
 Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115 }
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare }
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:

Mens juvenum ; modo digna veni, mea pignora
nosce.

Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos
Advertit vultus ; inamoenum forte sedebat
Cocytion juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,
Lamberè sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane 130
Vulgus et occurfus dominae pavet ; illa per umbras
Et caligantes animarum exanime campos,
Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.
Sensit adeste dies ; piceo nox obvia nimbo 135
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remisit.
Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle resurgens 140
Notum iter ad Thebas : neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centem illi stantes umbrabant ora ceraestae, 145
Turba minor diri capitis : sedet intus abactis
Ferreæ lux oculis ; qualis per nubila Phœbes ,
Atræa rubet arte labor : suffusa veneno 150
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis : igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbique, famesque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla et coerulei redeunt in pectore nodi. 154
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus.

Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ; 125
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night ; 131
Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view :
To th' iron gates of Ténarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow :
Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame. 151
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone, 155

Tum geminas quatit illa manus : haec igne rogali
 Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
 Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithaeron
 Occurrit coelo, fera fibila crine virenti
 Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achaei
 Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
 Audiit et medius coeli Parnassus et asper 165
 Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
 In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
 Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
 Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona pressit.
 Atque ea Cadmeo praeceps ubi limine primum
 Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates, 171
 Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
 Gentilesque animos subiit furor, aegraque laetis
 Invidia, atque parens odii metus : inde regendi
 Saevus amor : ruptaeque vices, jurisque secundi
 Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
 Stare loco, fociisque comes discordia regnis. 180
 Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
 Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro :
 Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
 In diversa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
 Viribus, et vario confundunt limite sulcos :

N O T E S.

VER. 173. *Gentilisque animos subit furor*, seems a better reading than *Gentilesque*. P.

She tofs'd her meagre arms ; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand :
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
 But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
 Where vast Cithaeron's top salutes the sky,
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round :
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound, }
 And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice ; 165
 Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise ;
 Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
 And press'd Palaemon closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
 Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest, }
 And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175 }
 Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears ;
 And sacred Thirst of sway ; and all the ties
 Of Nature broke ; and royal Perjuries ;
 And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;
 Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
 A like disdain with servile necks to bear
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
 And all the furrows in confusion lay :

Haud secus indomitos praeceps discordia fratres
 Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
 Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
 Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrā tenentem
 Foedere praecipiti semper novus angeret heres.
 Haec inter fratres pietas erat: haec mora pugnae
 Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200
 Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
 Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
 Non impacatis regum ad vigilantia somnis 205
 Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
 Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
 Atque aurum violare cibis, sed nuda potestas
 Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
 Dumque uter angustae squalentia jugera Dirces
 Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovarēt
 Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
 Et vitae, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
 Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum
 Conveſtentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandae
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
 Oedipodae sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat
 Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, faeve, 220
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
 Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 305

Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190

Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,

To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :

Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,

That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195

And the short monarch of a hasty year

Forsees with anguish his returning heir.

Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,

But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200

No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd ;

No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,

No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;

No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait

Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate ; 205

No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,

Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;

Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,

Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—

Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ? 210

Say, to what end your impious arms engage ?

Not all bright Phoebus views in early morn,

Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,

When the south glows with his meridian ray,

And the cold north receives a fainter day, 215

For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,

Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)

Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown :

What joys, oh Tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day, 220

When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,

Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,

And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne !

Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
 Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus
 Diffidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laesisse veneno
 Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
 Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus
 Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare **timendos**, 236
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
 Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,
 Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem
 Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
 Pondera, Carpatheo jussus sale quaerere Cadmus
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros: 250
 Fraternasque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
 Augurium, feros dimisit adusque nepotes?
 Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
 Saevior assurgens dempto consorte potestas?
 Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
 Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
 And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
 Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
 Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must }
 fear?

These now controul a wretched people's fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
 Thou fire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in Boeotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255
 Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardor glow!

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi, 260

Quid mirum? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualitur hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.

Heu dubio suspenfa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur. 270

At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria coeli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. spatii hinc omnia juxta,
Primaeque occiduaeque domus, effusa sub omni
Terra atque unda diè. mediis sese arduus infert 280
Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat solio. nec protinus ausi
Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipse fedendi
Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,

NOTES.

VER. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*. P.

Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd?
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd? 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate, 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that prince threatens, and while this com-
 mands.

And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and }
 sea.

Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne, 280
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;

Et compressa metu servantes murmura Venti,
 Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
 Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
 Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes. 295
 Postquam jussa quies, filuitque exterritus orbis,
 Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis
 Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)
 Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
 Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum
 Exigar in poenas? taedet saevire corusco 301
 Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
 Brachia, et Aeoliis desunt incudibus ignes.
 Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
 Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,
 Et Phaëtontaea mundum squallere favilla. 310
 Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
 Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
 Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs sanguinis autor
 Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
 Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
 Mens cunctis impôsta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
 Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis 321

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 311

Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace. 291
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy, 300
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;
 Th' Aeolian forge exhausted of its fires.
 For this, I suffer'd Phoebus' steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day;
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main: }
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe? 320

Eumenidum bellâsse aciem ? mala gaudia matrum,
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
 Crimina ? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactae 325

Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres
 Patres, et immeritae gremium incestare parentis
 Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.

Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula solvit,
 Projecitque diem : nec jam amplius aethere nostro
 Vescitur : at nati (facinus fine more!) cadentes
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti, 336

Dire senex ; meruere tuae, meruere tenebrae
 Ultorem sperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunt

Adraustus focer, et superis adjuncta sinistris
 Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis incessere gentem
 Decretum : neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
 Tantalus, et faevae periit injuria mensae.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucia dictis,
 Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
 Talia Juno refert : Mene, o justissime divûm,
 Me bello certare jubes ? scis semper ut arces 350
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem ; licet improbus illic

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 313

How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again. }
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Through violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed; 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
 He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden Grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:

Custodem Phariae, somno letoque juvencae 355
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
 Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem,
 Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni 360
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
 Facta luant Thebae: cur hostes eligis Argos?
 Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
 Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenae.
 Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo
 Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoi
 Laeta calet? melius votis Mareotica sumat
 Coptos, et aerisoni lugentia flumina Nili.
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
 Subvenitque tuis sera haec sententia curis; 380
 Percensere aevi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
 Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda 385
 Sicanos longe relegens, Alpheus amores.
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis

Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled ; 355
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold :
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes ;
 But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed ;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
 Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ? 365
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall :
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ;
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;
 For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound, 376
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confin'd ?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and through the briny tides }
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;

Imposuere locis : illic Mavortius axis
 Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo
 Dignius : abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
 Reliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
 Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
 Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere testis,
 Quae tandem invidia est ? belli dessece tumultus,
 Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno, 400
 At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
 Reddidit haec : Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
 Consularem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
 Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415
 Portantes praecedere Notos Cyllenia proles :
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laïus, extinctem nati quem vulnere, nondum

Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaüs, defil'd with blood;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please; and can'st thou love
 Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
 The rage and grief contending in her breast; 401
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare 405 }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and rev'rence our Superior will. 410
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me; no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air; 415
 Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,

NOTES.

VER. 399. *with such sons as those.*] Eteocles and Polynices. P.

Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420

Lege Erebi : ferat haec diro mea iussa nepoti :

Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem

Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula

Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem :

Hinc causae irarum : certo reliqua ordine ducam.

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde

Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430

Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.

Tum dextrae virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces

Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435

Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.

Defiluit ; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.

Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440

Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris

Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat

Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445

Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum

Stare gemit, tenet una dies noctesque recursans

Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno

Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,

Cerneret, hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.

BOOK I: THE BAIS OF STATIUS. 319

Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the further strand: 420

Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425

The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 430

His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.

He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or, in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;

That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts, 435
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.

Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;

Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height; 440

Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night; 446

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,

With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne. 450

Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.

Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae dispendia : sed mox
 Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum
 Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455
 Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.
 Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
 Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenae,
 Ferre iter impavidum. seu praevia ducit Erynnis,
 Seu fors illa viae, five hac immota vocabat
 Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
 Deferit, et pingues Bacchaeo sanguine colles. 465
 Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithaeron
 Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad aequora montem,
 Praeterit. hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
 Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeque rura
 Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
 Linqvit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi 474
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
 Jam pecudes volucresque tacent ; jam somnus avaris
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480
 Grata laboratae referens obliviae vitae.
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo
 Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
 Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phoebis.

He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
 And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And Pantheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465
 Then sees Cithaeron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores :
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending through the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night :

Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammae 486
 Subtextit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
 Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
 Ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490
 Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster
 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
 Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
 Perfoliat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt
 Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur aether.
 Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis 496
 Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erafinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
 Aggeribus tenere morae, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum
 Solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycaeï.
 Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
 Aura pavens, passimque infano turbine raptas
 Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,
 Incertusque viae, per nigra silentia, vastum,

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 323

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486
 Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.

At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Aeolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490

And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds

The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,

Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs. 495
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,

And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,

And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500

And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,

And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,

Rush through the mounds, and bear the damms away:
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn, 506

Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,

And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510

Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,

The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
 That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,

Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,

Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
 Thus long revolv'd in his paternal breast,

Thus heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;

Haurit iter : pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.

Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520

Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat

Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu

Stat rationis inops : jam jamque aut saxa malignis

Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto

Spumantes scopulos erectae incurrere prorae :

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros

Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum

Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit

Pectore : dat stimulos animo vis moesta timoris.

Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis, 530

Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens

Larissaeus apex. illò spe concitus omni

Evolat. hinc celsae Junonia templa. Profymnae

Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535

Lernaei stagna atra vadi. tandemque reclusis

Inferitur portis. actutum regia cernit

Vestibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes

Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis postibus aulae

Invitat tennes ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae

In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat, 540

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

Hic sexûs. melioris inops, sed prole vivebat.

Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.

Cui Phoebus generos. (monstrum exitiabile dictu)

Mox adaptata fides, aevo ducente canebat.

Setigerumque suum, et fulvum adventare leonem.

Haec volvens, non, ipse pater, non docte futuri. 550

His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520
When clouds conceal Boëtes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd, 526
Thus still his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:

Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise: }
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days, 540
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:
Heaven had crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne:
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate! 545

But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
"A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550

Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde sedens aegrescit cura parentis.

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydonia relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequeustus et imbres,
Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis 559
Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—

Hic primum lustrare oculis, cultusque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque júbis horrere leonem,
Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
Ante Cleonaei vestitur praelia monstri.

Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviae, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phoebi 575

Agnosces, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, laetusque per artus
Horror iit. sensit manifesto numine ductos 580

Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc sic tendens ad sidera palmas:
Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu.

This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560
Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
And views their arms and habit with surprize.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575
The King th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through ev'ry vein. 580
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train :

Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
 Tu mihi perplexis quaesitam erroribus ultro
 Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia sati
 Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
 Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
 Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt
 Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque exta.
 Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis: 595
 Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;
 Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus; et ambos
 Innectens manibus, tecta posteriores ad aulae
 Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
 Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes.
 Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605
 Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu
 Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes.
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas:
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem. 610
 Agressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
 Viscera caesarum pecudum: his, cumulare canistris.
 Perdomitam saxo Cererem. laetatur Adrastus
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno.
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis 615
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis foedata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longaevis Acesten:

You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585 }
 Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.

Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
 Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!

Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid; 590

Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,

And on thy altars sacrifices lay;

The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,

And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595

Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes

Of awful Phoebus: I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;

Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600 }

And dust yet white upon each altar lies,

The relicks of a former sacrifice.

The King once more the solemn rites requires,

And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around 605

With noisy care and various tumult sound.

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;

This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;

A third dispels the darkness of the night,

And fills depending lamps with beams of light; 610

Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,

And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.

Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,

Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;

A lofty couch receives each princely guest: 615

Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,

Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,

(Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620
Lecta sacrum justae Veneri occultare pudorem)

Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure,
Nec mora preceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressae thalamo (mirabile visu)

Pallados armifonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae 625

Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori

Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque

Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes

Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensae

Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem

Insides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,

Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635

Assueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:

Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo

Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras

Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora

Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.

Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640

Gargara desiduns surgenti, et Troja recedit.

Stant moesti comites, frustra que sonantia laxant

Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant. 645

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos

Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad

aras.

Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright ;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face ; 625
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies. }
 There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears, 640
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars :
 Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight ;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call ; 650
 With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.

Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
 Fronde, manus : cui festa dies, largoque refecti
 Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655

Forfitan, o juvenes, quae sint ea sacra, quibusque
 Praecipuum causis Phoebi obtestemur honorem,
 Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inscia suavit
 Religio : magnis exercita cladibus olim 660

Plebs Argiva litant : animos advertite, pandam :
 Postquam coerulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
 Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris
 Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem

Robora ; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco
 Fusus hiat, nigro fitiens alimenta veneno,
 Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
 Cyrrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi

Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula caedi
 Perquirens, nostri testa haud opulenta Crotopi
 Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis,
 Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates

Intemerata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam
 Furta, nec occultum Phoebo sociaffet amorem.
 Namque ut passa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,
 Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes

Cynthia, fidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
 Edidit : ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura

The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd,
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd! 675
But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd;
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy those of race divine? 685

Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis canabula tanti 689
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
Et pecori communè solum. sed fata nec illum
Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terrae
Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem
Dira canum rabies morfu depasta cruento 695
Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulsus ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus. ipsa ultro faevis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro 701
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalami, moestae solatia morti,
Phoebe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, aeternum fridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
Haec tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morfuque cruento
Devesci et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum praestans animique Choroebus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,

On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690 }

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give,
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ;
 Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies : 701
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
 The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
 High on a crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs : }
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When night with fable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Choroebus warms,
 Choroebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms ; 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.

Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
 Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvum 720
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
 Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.
 Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante corona,
 It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 725
 Condidit; atque imas animae mucrone corusco
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
 Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Proluviem, et crasso squallentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostrae cecidere animae. stupet Inacha pubes,
 Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent,
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Proterere exanimes artus, asproque molares
 Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735
 Impastae fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum.
 Saevior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptae
 Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
 Pestifera arma jacet, camposque, et celsa Cyclo-
 pum Teſta, ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amiſtu.
 Labuntur dulces animae: Mors ſila ſororum
 Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
 Quaerenti quae cauſa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annus,
 Idem autor Paeon rursus jubet ire cruento
 Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui caede potiti. 750

These where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd ;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side ; 720 }
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
 The youths surround her with extended spears ;
 But brave Choroëbus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730
 The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale even in joy, nor yet forget to fear.

Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast ;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving Wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phoebus bent his deadly bow, 740 }
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below :
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground :
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745 }
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phoebus ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year ;
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in saecula digne
 Promeriture diem ! non tu pia degener arma
 Occulis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
 Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi
 Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras : 756

Non missus, Thymbraee, tuos supplexve penates
 Advenio : mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
 Has egere vias. ego sum qui caede subegi,
 Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas ; quem nubibus atris,
 Et squallente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
 Quaeris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
 Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766
 Mors hominum, et saevo tanta inclementia coelo est ;
 Quid meruere Argi ? me, me, divûm optime, solum
 Objecisse caput fatis praestabit, an illud
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 Tecta vides, ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager ? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
 Demoror ? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
 Vota mihi. fatis est : merui ne parcere velles.
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte : sed illum
 Pallidas Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes
 Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis 780
 Latoïden, tristemque viro summissus honorem
 Largitur vitae. nostro mala nubila coelo

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
 Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
 Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
 And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
 Nor shalt thou, Phoebus, find a suppliant here. 760
 Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
 But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find;
 If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy fight,
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my Country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves: 780
 Unwelcome life relenting Phoebus gives;
 For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.

Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phoebi
 Exoratus abis. inde haec statuta sacra quotannis
 Solemnes recolunt epulae, Phoebiciaque placat
 Templa novatus honos : has forte invisis aras.
 Vos quae progenies ? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
 Et Parthaoniae (dudum si certas ad aures
 Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs ; tu pande quis Argos
 Advenias ? quando haec variis sermonibus hora est.

Dejecit moestos extemplo Ismenius heros
 In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laesum
 Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit :
 Non super hos divûm tibi sum quaerendus honores
 Unde genus, quae terra mihi : quis defluat ordo
 Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
 Sed si praecipitant miserum cognoscere curae,
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. tum motus Adrastus
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis ?
 Scimus, ait ; nec sic aversem fama Mycenis 810
 Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
 Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 341

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth re-
tir'd. 783

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phoebus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath ap-
pease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King) 790
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold! 801

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805

To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands; 815

Destituunt, ne perge queri, casusque priorum
 Annumerare tibi, nostro quoque sanguine multum
 Erravit pietas. nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820

Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis
 Excusare tuos. sed jam temone supino
 Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor ursae. 825
 Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
 Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Phoebe parens, seu te Lyciae Pataraea nivosis
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 830
 Castaliae flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
 Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem
 Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
 Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra
 Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:
 Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
 Arcus, et aetherii dono cessere parentes
 Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
 Parcarum praenôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,
 Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 840
 Bella quibus populis, mutant quae sceptrata cometae.
 Tu Phryga submittis citharae. tu matris honori
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.

Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
 What Prince from those his lineage can defend?
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }
 But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
 And shine more faintly at approaching day;
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

O father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coast
 And snowy mountain, thy bright presence boast; 830
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
 When direful meteors spread through glowing air
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tytyus' guilty flame;
 Th' immortal victim of my mother's fame;

Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
 Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera 850
 Jejenum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
 Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
 Instimulat : sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
 Adsis o, memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855
 Dexter ames ; seu te roseum Titana vocari
 Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, seu praestat Osirin
 Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
 Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

BOOK I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 345

Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast. 850

In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears ;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine ! 855

And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the stile of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achaemenes adore ;
Or great Ofiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ; 860
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

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DRYOPHOBIA ARBOREUM.

FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

POET'S METAMORPHOSES.

DRYOPHOBIA. Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother
Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Ismene, who answers with a
relation of those of her own family, in particular the transfor-
mation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing
Fable. P. 349. and 350. and 351. and 352. and 353. and 354. and 355.

DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

DIXIT : et, admonitu veteris commota ministrae
 Ingemuit ; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem :
 Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae sanguine vestro
 Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
 Feta meae referam ? quamquam lacrymaeque dolorque
 Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
 (Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima forma 10
 Oechalidum Dryope : quam virginitate carentem,
 Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
 Excipit Andraemon ; et habetur conjuge felix.
 Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam 15
 Littoris efficiens : suminum myrteta coronant.
 Veneret huc Dryope fatorum nescia ; quoque
 Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
 Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
 Dulce ferebat onus ; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20
 Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
 In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos. 24
 Carpserrat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato

NOTES.

DRYOPE] Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable. P.

T H E

FABLE OF DRYOPE.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies.
 Since you a servant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
 And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own,
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
 No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride.) 10
 This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,
 Andraemon lov'd; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
 That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
 A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around, 15
 Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
 And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
 Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breaſt. 20
 Not diſtant far a wat'ry Lotos grows,
 The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
 Adorn'd with bloſſoms promis'd fruits that vie
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
 Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon, 25
 And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done:

350 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Porrigeret, flores : et idem factura videbar ;
 Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas
 Decidere ; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30
 Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscoena Priapi,
 Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

Nescierat soror hoc ; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,
 Haesurunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat : 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
 Fronde manum implevit, frondes caput omne tene-
 bant. 45

At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
 Ubra : nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis ; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror : quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar :
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
 Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt ;
 Et quaerunt Dryopen : Dryopen quaerentibus illis
 Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno : 60

But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
 The violated blossoms drop with blood;
 Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form; and fixing here became
 A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And, as she struggles, only moves above;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below:
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
 Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.

The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60

Adfufique suae radicibus arboris haerent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Cara soror. lacrymae verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque praestant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:
 Si qua fides miseras, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam.
 Viximus innocuae: si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes; et caesa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore saepe
 Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
 Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, 80
 Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
 Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
 Et frutices omnes corpus putat esse Dearum.
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana; paterque!
 Quis siqua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis; 90
 A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.

Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
 And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 'Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs com-
 plains.

If to the wretched any faith be given,
 I swear by all th' un pitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led :
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75 }
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and list his mother's name,
 To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
 Farewel! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.

Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
 Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95
 Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.
 Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
 Colla liber serpit; summoque cacumine condor.
 Ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

FABLE OF DRYOPE.

355

My son, thy mother's parting kifs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kifs to give.

95

I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades ;
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ; 100
And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

My love, thy country's prince, I know
While yet thy mother lives, to give
I can no more the evening's light
My child-like, and I know not how
Remorseful heart, I know not how
Without remorse, to see thee go
The world is full of sorrow and pain
And all the world is full of pain
Yet I am the only one who
And long the place a human heart

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

RE G E sub hoc Pomona fuit : qua nulla Latinas
 Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
 Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetûs :
 Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes ; 5
 Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
 Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera false : 10
 Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
 Brachia compescit ; fissa modo cortice virgam
 Inferit ; et succos alieno praestat alumno.
 Nec patitur sentire sitim : bibulaeque recurvas 15
 Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
 Hic amor, hoc studium : Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
 Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit
 Intus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20
 Quod non et Satyri, saltatibus apta Juventus,
 Fecere, et pinu praecincti cornua Panes,
 Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
 Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
 Ut poterentur ea ? sed enim superabat amando 25
 Hos quoque Vertumnus : neque erat felicior illis.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care,
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
 The streams and fountains no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care, 25
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.

O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
 Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago !
 Tempora saepe gerens foeno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat ; ut illum 35
 Jurares fessos modo disjunctis juvencos.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator.
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares ;
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta.
 Denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
 Repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
 Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, 45
 Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit anum : cultosque intravit in hortos ;
 Pomaque mirata est : Tantoque potentior, inquit.
 Paucaque laudatae dedit oscula ; qualia nunquam
 Vera dedisset anus : glebaque incurva refedit,
 Suspiciens pandos autumnus pondere ramos.
 Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis : 60
 Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit ;
 At si stare, ait, coelebs, sine palmite truncus,

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
 And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
 A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The god in this decrepit form array'd, 50
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd:
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
 "Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine
 "As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
 Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
 An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
 Haec quoque, quae juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,
 Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.
 Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
 Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
 Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
 Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheia movit
 Praelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssæi.
 Nunc quoque, cum fugias averferisque petentes,
 Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deque, 75
 Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque
 Hanc audire voles, (quae te plus omnibus illis, 80
 Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice taedas:
 Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige: pro quo
 Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim sibi notior ille
 est,
 Quam mihi. nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
 Haec loca sola colit: nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
 Ardor eris; folique suos tibi devovet annos.
 Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris 90
 Munus habet; formasque apte fingetur in omnes:
 Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
 Quid, quod amaris idem? quod, quae tibi poma co-
 luntur,
 Primus habet; laetaque tenet tua munera dextra?

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 363

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround, 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah ! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue !
 What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you ? 70
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
 Ev'n now, when silent Scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be gueſt)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same : 95

364 VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

Sed neque jam foetus desiderat arbore demtos,
 Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas;
 Nec quidquam, nisi te. miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
 Qui petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari.—
 Sic tibi nec verum nascentia frigus adurat
 Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110

Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
 Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
 Instrumenta sibi: talisque adparuit illi,
 Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115
 Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
 Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
 Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

To him your orchards early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
 He values these ; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire :
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire ! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind !
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He straight assum'd his native form again ;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray, 116
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
 Of charming features, and a youthful face !
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

VERBODEN TOEGANG
 To his room of study, as a student's due
 (A privilege, which he had won by years)
 He had been admitted, but the door was shut
 That still he saw the light of knowledge
 For the first time, since you entered his
 With that inspired, intellectual glow;
 He had been told that in such cases the
 Which the heart for which only the
 You, only, could move the door of
 Of growth, constant and pure and true
 Let the competition teach your people
 Think, and circumstances, that you to be
 Be not content, when early, but honest
 Defeat the premises of the scientific
 For which, when you had reached the
 Make the light of knowledge, and the
 This when the heart had been in vain
 The heart of the first of the
 Such, and the heart of the
 As when the heart of the
 And when the heart of the
 Dispel the darkness, and reveal the day
 Force be prepared, but check the rash design
 For when, appearing in a form divine
 The tyrant thrusts him, and beholds the grate
 Of changing features, and a youthful face!
 In her face, and the contrast of the
 And the warm hand, and a mutual love



